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SONGS OF ZION.



A MANUAL

OF

THE BEST AND MOST POPULAR

HYMNS AND TUNES,

FOR

SOCIAL AND PRIVATE DEVOTION.

Let the people praise thee, Oh God ; let all the people praise thee.
Psalm 67:3, 5.

PUBLISHED BY THE
AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY

150 NASSAU-STREET, NEW YORK.

23 CORNHILL, BOSTON.

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P R E F A C E .

THE great success and usefulness of the SACRED SONGS, published by the American Tract Society in 1842, attest its excellence. This smaller collection is not designed to supersede that, but to supply a want, felt and expressed in all parts of the country, of a manual fitted for general use, especially in meetings for prayer and in the family circle—compact, convenient, and cheap, and at the same time comprising most of the hymns and tunes that are established favorites with Christians of every name. To assist the people of God in his worship and to promote the salvation of souls, are the great objects to which, in making this selection, every other consideration has been subordinated. It is believed that the experienced worshipper will recognize at almost every page the music and verse that are interwoven with his deepest hopes and joys, like words of holy writ. The tastes and partialities of all have been regarded in the choice of tunes and hymns, and it is hoped there are none in this volume which Christians generally will “willingly let lie.” From the SACRED SONGS those only have been

taken that seem essential to every good collection. The hymns have been kept in their most authentic form, as well as the tunes, which have been examined by the highest musical authority, and are changed from the current arrangement as seldom and as slightly as possible consistently with the laws of harmony.

It is a pleasure to acknowledge the Christian liberality of various living composers and the respected publishers of their valuable works, in generously allowing the insertion of their choicest copyright tunes in this unpretending selection. Such acknowledgments are especially due to two whose praise is in all the churches, LOWELL MASON, Esq., by whom one third of all the tunes in the book were composed or arranged, and THOMAS HASTINGS, Esq., who has given many of his choicest tunes and aided in preparing the work for the press; also to Mr. W. B. Bradbury, and others. The tunes of which a copy-right is claimed are designated in the Index at the close. May those who wrote and all who shall sing them unite in the triumphant hallelujahs of heaven.

SONGS OF ZION.

OLD HUNDRED. L. M.

1. From all that dwell be-low the skies, Let the Cre-

2. E - ter - nal are thy mercies, Lord, E - ter - nal

a - - tor's praise a - - rise, Let the Re - deem - er's

truth at - - tends thy word; Thy praise shall sound from

name be sung Thro' eve - - ry land, by eve - ry tongue.

shore to shore, Till suns shall rise and set no more.

BRIDGEWATER. L. M.

EDSON.

1. Great God attend, while Zion sings

The joy that from thy presence springs ;

To spend, etc. Ex-

To spend one day with thee on earth, Exceeds a thousand

To spend, etc. Exceeds, etc. Ex -

ceeds a thou - - sand days of mirth.

days of mirth, Ex - ceeds a thou - sand days of mirth.

ceeds a thou - - sand days of mirth.

2. GOD AND HIS CHURCH. L. M.

2. Might I enjoy the meanest place
Within thy house, O God of grace,
Not tents of ease, nor thrones of power,
Should tempt my feet to leave the door.
 3. God is our Sun, he makes our day ;
God is our Shield, he guards our way
From all th' assaults of hell and sin,
From foes without and foes within.
 4. All needful grace will God bestow,
And crown that grace with glory too :
He gives us all things, and withholds
No real good from upright souls.
 5. O God our King, whose sov'reign sway
The glorious hosts of heaven obey,
And devils at thy presence flee,
Blest is the man who trusts in thee. Watts.
-

3. THE GREATNESS OF GOD. L. M.

1. MY God, my King, thy various praise
Shall fill the remnant of my days ;
Thy grace employ my humble tongue,
Till death and glory raise the song.
2. The wings of every hour shall bear
Some thankful tribute to thine ear ;
And every setting sun shall see
New works of duty, done for thee.
3. But who can speak thy wondrous deeds ?
Thy greatness all our thoughts exceeds :
Vast and unsearchable thy ways,
Vast and immortal be thy praise. Watts.

MALVERN. L.M.

L. MASON.

1. Praise ye the Lord—my heart shall join In work so

2. Hap - py the man, whose hopes re - ly On Is - rael's

3. He loves the saints, he knows them well, But turns the

pleasant, so di - vine; My days of praise shall ne'er be

God: he made the sky, And earth, and seas, with all their

wick - ed down to hell: Thy God, O Zi - on, ev - - er

past While life, and thought, and be - - - ing last.

train, And none shall find his prom - ise vain.

reigns; Praise him in ev - - er - - - last - ing strains.

5. GOODNESS OF GOD. L. M.

1. BLESS, O my soul, the living God ;
Call home thy thoughts that rove abroad ;
Let all the powers within me join
In work and worship so divine.
 2. Bless, O my soul, the God of grace ;
His favors claim thy highest praise :
Why should the wonders he hath wrought
Be lost in silence, and forgot ?
 3. 'Tis he, my soul, who sent his Son,
To die for crimes which thou hast done ,
He owns the ransom, and forgives
The hourly follies of our lives. Watts.
-

6. GOD WORTHY OF FAITH. L. M.

1. PRAISE, everlasting praise be paid
To Him who earth's foundations laid ;
Praise to the God whose strong decrees
Sway the creation as he please.
2. Whence then should doubts and fears arise ?
Why trickling sorrows drown our eyes ?
Slowly, alas, the mind receives
The comforts that our Maker gives
3. Oh for a strong, a lasting faith,
To credit what th' Almighty saith—
T' embrace the message of his Son,
And call the joys of heaven our own.
4. Then, should the earth's foundations shake,
And all the wheels of nature break,
Our steady souls shall fear no more
Than solid rocks when billows roar. Watts.

HARWELL. 8, 7.

L. MASON.

1. { Hark, ten thou - sand harps and voi - ces, Sound the
 { Je - - sus reigns and heaven re - - joi - - ces: Je - sus

2. { Je - - sus, hail! whose glo - - ry brightens All a -
 { Lord of life, thy smile en - - lightens, Cheers, and

D. C. Hal - - le - lu - - jah! Hal - le - - lu - jah! Hal - - le
 End.

notes of praise a - bove ; }
 reigns, the God of love : } See, he sits on yon - der

bove and gives it worth ; }
 charms thy saints on earth : } When we think of love like

lu - jah, A - - - men.

throne ; Je - - sus rules the world a - - - lone.

thine, Lord, we own it love di - - - vine. D. C.

7. CHRIST ENTHRONED AND WORSHIPPED

3. King of glory, reign for ever—
 Thine an everlasting crown :
 Nothing from thy love shall sever
 Those whom thou hast made thine own :
 Happy objects of thy grace,
 Destined to behold thy face.
 Hallelujah ! etc.

4. Saviour, hasten thine appearing ;
 Bring—O bring the glorious day,
 When, the awful summons hearing,
 Heaven and earth shall pass away :
 Then with golden harps, we'll sing,
 "Glory, glory to our King."
 Hallelujah ! etc. Kelly.

S. PRAISE TO GOD. 8, 7.

1. PRAISE to God the great Creator ;
 Praise to God from every tongue :
 Join, my soul, with every creature,
 Join the universal song.
 Father, source of all compassion,
 Pure, unbounded grace is thine :
 Hail the God of our salvation !
 Praise him for his love divine.
2. Joyfully on earth adore him,
 Till in heaven our song we raise ;
 Then, enraptured, fall before him,
 Lost in wonder, love, and praise :
 Praise to God the great Creator,
 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost ;
 Praise him, every living creature,
 Earth and heaven's united host. Fawcett.

ST. MARTINS. C.M.

TANSUR.

1. Come, let us join our cheer - - ful songs With

2. "Wor - thy the Lamb that died," they cry, "To

The first system of the musical score for 'ST. MARTINS. C.M. TANSUR.' It consists of two staves. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a time signature of 3/4. The bottom staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The music is written in a simple, hymn-like style with eighth and quarter notes. The lyrics are printed below the staves, with hyphens indicating words that span across measures.

angels round the throne; Ten thousand thou - - sand

be ex - - alt - - ed thus!" "Wor - thy the Lamb," our

The second system of the musical score continues the melody. It also consists of two staves in treble and bass clefs with a key signature of one sharp and a time signature of 3/4. The lyrics continue, with hyphens indicating words that span across measures.

are their tongues, But all their joys are one.

lips re - ply, "For He was slain for us."

The third system of the musical score concludes the piece. It consists of two staves in treble and bass clefs with a key signature of one sharp and a time signature of 3/4. The lyrics conclude with a final period. The music ends with a double bar line.

9. WORTHY IS THE LAMB. C. M.

3. Jesus is worthy to receive
Honor and power divine ;
And blessings more than we can give,
Be, Lord, for ever thine.
4. Let all that dwell above the sky,
And air and earth and seas,
Conspire to lift thy glories high,
And sing thine endless praise.
5. The whole creation join in one
To bless the sacred name
Of Him who sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb.

Watts.

10. THE NEW SONG. C. M.

1. BEHOLD the glories of the Lamb,
Amidst his Father's throne :
Prepare new honors for his name,
And songs, before unknown.
2. Let elders worship at his feet,
The church adore around ;
With vials full of odors sweet,
And harps of sweeter sound.
3. Those are the prayers of all the saints,
And these the hymns they raise ;
Jesus is kind to our complaints,
He loves to hear our praise.
4. Now to the Lamb, that once was slain,
Be endless blessings paid ;
Salvation, glory, joy, remain,
For ever, on thy head.

Watts.

MIGDOL. L. M.

L. MASON.

1. Now to the Lord a no-ble song! A--wake, my

2. See where it shines in Je-sus' face, The bright-est

The first system of the hymn features two vocal staves and a piano accompaniment staff. The key signature is one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 3/4. The melody begins with a half note B-flat, followed by quarter notes C, D, E, and F. The piano accompaniment consists of a steady eighth-note pattern in the right hand and a half-note bass line in the left hand.

soul— a - wake, my tongue; Hosan - na to th' eternal

im - - age of his grace; God, in the per - son of his

The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. The vocal staves show a melodic line with a half note G and a quarter note A, followed by a half note B and a quarter note C. The piano accompaniment continues with the same rhythmic pattern.

name, And all his boundless love pro - claim.

Son, Has all his mightiest works out - done.

The third system concludes the hymn. The vocal staves end with a half note D and a quarter note E. The piano accompaniment ends with a final chord. The system concludes with a double bar line.

11. DIVINE GLORY DISPLAYED IN CHRIST. L. M.

3. Grace—'tis a sweet, a charming theme—
My thoughts rejoice at Jesus' name :
Ye angels, dwell upon the sound ;
Ye heavens, reflect it to the ground.
4. Oh, may I reach that happy place
Where he unveils his lovely face,
Where all his beauties you behold,
And sing his name to harps of gold. Watts.
-

12. WONDERS OF GRACE. L. M.

1. GIVE to our God immortal praise ;
Mercy and truth are all his ways :
Wonders of grace to God belong ;
Repeat his mercies in your song.
2. Give to the Lord of lords renown,
The King of kings with glory crown ;
His mercies ever will endure,
When lords and kings are known no more.
3. He built the earth, he spread the sky,
He fixed the starry lights on high :
Wonders of grace to God belong ;
Repeat his mercies in your song.
4. He saw the Gentiles dead in sin,
And felt his pity work within ;
His mercies ever will endure,
When death and sin shall reign no more.
5. He sent his Son with power to save
From guilt, and darkness, and the grave :
Wonders of grace to God belong ;
Repeat his mercies in your song. Watts.

CAMBRIDGE. C.M. DR. RANDALL.

1. Sal - vation! O the joy - ful sound; 'Tis pleasure

2. Buried in sor - row and in sin, At hell's dark

3. Sal - vation! let the ech - o fly The spa - cious

to our ears! A sovereign balm for eve - - ry wound, A

door we lay; But we a - - rise, by grace di - - vine, To

earth a - round, While all the ar - - mies of the sky, Con -

cordial for our fears, A cordial for our fears, A cordial for our fears.

see a heavenly day, To see a heavenly day, To see, etc.

spire to raise the sound, Conspire to raise the sound, etc.

14. CHRIST'S COMING AND KINGDOM. C. M.

1. JOY to the world, the Lord is come !
 Let earth receive her King ;
 Let every heart prepare him room,
 And heaven and nature sing.
2. Joy to the earth, the Saviour reigns !
 Let men their songs employ ;
 While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and plains,
 Repeat the sounding joy.
3. No more let sins and sorrows grow,
 Nor thorns infest the ground :
 He comes to make his blessings flow
 Far as the curse is found.
4. He rules the world with truth and grace,
 And makes the nations prove
 The glories of his righteousness,
 And wonders of his love.

Watts.

15. WORSHIP. C. M.

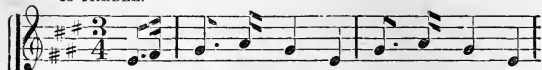
1. SING to the Lord Jehovah's name,
 And in his strength rejoice ;
 When his salvation is our theme,
 Exalted be our voice.
2. With thanks approach his awful sight,
 And psalms of honor sing ;
 The Lord's a God of boundless might,
 The whole creation's King.
3. Come, and with humble souls adore ;
 Come, kneel before his face :
 Oh may the creatures of his power
 Be children of his grace.

Watts.

FOUNTAIN. C.M.

L. MASON.

2d TREBLE.

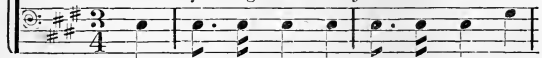


1. There is a foun - tain filled with blood Drawn

1st TREBLE.



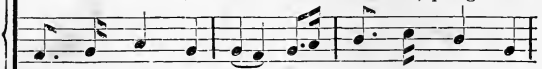
2. The dy - - ing thief re - joiced to see That



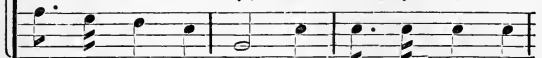
3. Dear dy - ing Lamb, thy pre - cious blood Shall



from Im - man - uel's veins; And sin - ners, plunged be -



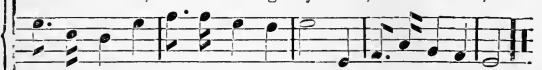
foun - tain in his day; And there may I, as



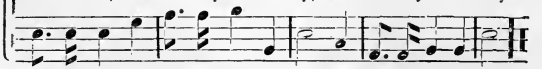
nev - er lose its power, Till all the ran - somed



neath that flood, Lose all their guilty stains, Lose all their, etc.



vile as he, Wash all my sins away, Wash all my sins away.



church of God Be saved, to sin no more, Be saved, to sin no more

16. THE BLOOD OF CHRIST. C. M.

4. E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
 Thy flowing wounds supply,
 Redeeming love has been my theme,
 And shall be till I die.
5. Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
 I'll sing thy power to save;
 When this poor lisping, stammering tongue
 Lies silent in the grave. Cowper
-

17. REDEMPTION. C. M.

1. PLUNGED in a gulf of dark despair,
 We wretched sinners lay,
 Without one cheerful beam of hope,
 Or spark of glimm'ring day.
2. With pitying eyes the Prince of grace
 Beheld our helpless grief;
 He saw, and—O amazing love!—
 He ran to our relief.
3. Down from the shining seats above
 With joyful haste he fled;
 Entered the grave in mortal flesh,
 And dwelt among the dead.
4. He spoiled the powers of darkness thus,
 And brake our iron chains;
 Jesus has freed our captive souls
 From everlasting pains.
5. Oh, for this love, let rocks and hills
 Their lasting silence break;
 And all harmonious human tongues
 The Saviour's praises speak. Watts

WELTON. L.M.

DR. MALAN.

1. Deep are the wounds which sin has made; Where shall the

2. And can no sovereign balm be found? And is no

3. There is a great Phy-si-cian near; Look up, O

sin - - ner find a cure? In vain, a - - las! is

kind phy - - si - - cian nigh, To ease the pain and

faint - ing soul, and live! See in his heaven - ly

na - ture's aid; The work ex - ceeds all nature's power.

heal the wound, Ere life and hope for ev - - er fly?

smiles ap - pear Such ease as na - ture can - not give!

18. THE PHYSICIAN OF SOULS. L. M.

4. See, in the Saviour's dying blood,
Life, health, and bliss abundant flow !
'Tis only this dear sacred flood
Can ease thy pain, and heal thy woe.
Steele.
-

19. THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM. L. M.

1. WHEN, marshalled on the nightly plain,
The glittering host bestud the sky,
One star alone of all the train
Can fix the sinner's wandering eye.
2. Hark, hark ! to God the chorus breaks,
From every host, from every gem ;
But one alone the Saviour speaks,
It is the Star of Bethlehem.
3. Once on the raging seas I rode—
The storm was loud, the night was dark,
The ocean yawned—and rudely blowed
The wind that tossed my foundering bark.
4. Deep horror then my vitals froze,
Death-struck, I ceased the tide to stem ;
When suddenly a star arose—
It was the Star of Bethlehem !
5. It was my guide, my light, my all,
It bade my dark forebodings cease ;
And through the storm and danger's thrall,
It led me to the port of peace.
6. Now, safely moored—my perils o'er—
I'll sing, first in night's diadem,
For ever, and for evermore,
The Star—the Star of Bethlehem !

H. K. White

WATCHMAN. S.M.

LEACH.

1. Not all the blood of beasts, On Jew - - ish

2. But Christ, the heavenly Lamb, Takes all our

3. My faith would lay her hand On that dear

al - tars slain, Could give the guil - - ty conscience

sins a - - way; A sac - - ri - - fice of no - bler

head of thine, While like a pen - - i - - tent I

peace, Or wash a - - way the stain.

name, And rich - - - er blood than they.

stand, And there con - - - fess my sin.

20. THE LAMB OF GOD. S. M.

4. My soul looks back to see
The burdens thou didst bear,
When hanging on th' accursed tree,
And hopes her guilt was there.
5. Believing, we rejoice
To see the curse remove ;
We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,
And sing his bleeding love. Watts.
-

21. SALVATION THROUGH CHRIST. S. M.

1. RAISE your triumphant songs
To an immortal tune ;
Let the wide earth resound the deeds
Celestial grace has done.
2. Sing how eternal Love
Its chief Beloved chose,
And bade him raise our ruined race
From their abyss of woes.
3. His hand no thunder bears,
No terror clothes his brow,
No bolts to drive our guilty souls
To fiercer flames below.
4. 'Twas mercy filled the throne,
And wrath stood silent by,
When Christ was sent with pardons down
To rebels doomed to die.
5. Now, sinners, dry your tears,
Let hopeless sorrow cease ;
Bow to the sceptre of his love,
And take the offered peace. Watts.

ROCK OF AGES. 7's. T. HASTINGS.

1. Rock of a - ges, cleft for me, Let me

Be of sin the per - - fect cure, Save me,

D. C.

The first system of the musical score for 'Rock of Ages' consists of three staves. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 3/4 time signature. The middle and bottom staves are in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The lyrics are written below the staves, with 'D. C.' marking the end of the first line.

hide my - self in thee; Let the wa - ter and the

Lord, and make me pure.

The second system of the musical score continues the melody and accompaniment. It also consists of three staves in the same key and time signature. The lyrics continue across the staves.

blood, From thy wound - ed side that flowed,

D. C.

D. C.

The third system of the musical score concludes the piece. It consists of three staves. The lyrics 'blood, From thy wound - ed side that flowed,' are followed by two 'D. C.' (Da Capo) markings, indicating a repeat of the previous section. The system ends with a double bar line.

22. CHRIST ALL OUR HOPE. 7's.

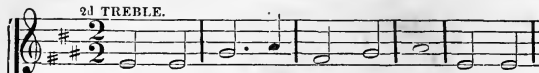
2. Should my tears for ever flow,
Should my zeal no languor know,
This for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and thou alone!
In my hand no price I bring;
Simply to thy cross I cling.
3. While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyelids close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown
And behold thee on thy throne,
Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee. Toplady.

23. INVITATION IN VIEW OF THE CROSS. 7's.

1. FROM the cross, uplifted high,
Where the Saviour deigns to die,
What melodious sounds we hear
Bursting on the ravished ear:
"Love's redeeming work is done;
Come and welcome, sinner, come!"
2. "Sprinkled now with blood the throne,
Why beneath thy burdens groan?
On my pierced body laid,
Justice owns the ransom paid;
Bow the knee, and kiss the Son:
Come and welcome, sinner, come!"
3. "Soon the days of life shall end,
Lo, I come! your Saviour, Friend;
Safe your spirits to convey
To the realms of endless day—
Up to my eternal home:
Come and welcome, sinner, come!" Hawes.

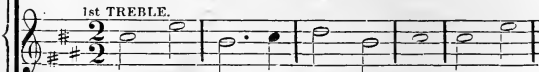
PLEYEL'S HYMN. 7's.

2d TREBLE.



1. Now be - - gin the heavenly theme, Sing a-

1st TREBLE.



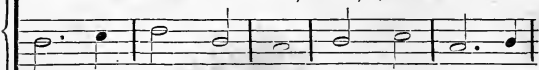
2. Ye, who see the Fa - ther's grace Beaming



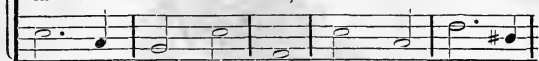
3. Mourn - ing souls, dry up your tears, Banish



loud in Je - - sus' name; Ye, who Je - sus'



in the Sav - - iour's face, As to Ca - - naan



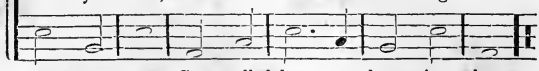
all your guilty fears; See your guilt and



kind - ness prove, Tri - umph in re - deem - ing love.



on ye move, Praise and bless re - deem - ing love.



curse re - move, Can - celled by re - deem - ing love.

24. REDEEMING LOVE. 7's.

4. Ye, alas, who long have been
Willing slaves of death and sin,
Now from bliss no longer rove,
Stop, and taste redeeming love.
 5. Hither, then, your music bring,
Strike aloud each joyful string :
Mortals, join the hosts above,
Join to praise redeeming love. Madan's Col.
-

25. BIRTH OF THE SAVIOUR. 7's.

1. HARK, the herald angels sing,
"Glory to the new-born King !
Peace on earth and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconciled."
2. Joyful, all ye nations, rise,
Join the triumph of the skies ;
With th' angelic host proclaim,
"Christ is born in Bethlehem."
3. Veiled in flesh the Godhead see,
Hail th' incarnate Deity ;
Pleased as man with men t' appear—
Jesus our Emmanuel here.
4. Hail the heaven-born Prince of peace !
Hail the Sun of righteousness !
Light and life to all he brings,
Risen with healing in his wings.
5. Mild he lays his glory by—
Born, that man no more may die ;
Born to raise the sons of earth ;
Born to give them second birth. Rippon's Col

26. CHRIST OUR HIDING-PLACE. L. M.

4. But thus th' eternal counsel ran :
 "Almighty love, arrest the man ;"
 I felt the arrows of distress,
 And found I had no hiding-place.
5. Vindictive Justice stood in view,
 To Sinai's fiery mount I flew ;
 But Justice cried, with frowning face,
 "This mountain is no hiding-place."
6. But lo, a heavenly voice I heard,
 And Mercy's angel soon appeared ;
 Who lead me on, a pleasing pace,
 To Jesus Christ, my hiding-place.
7. On him almighty vengeance fell,
 Which must have sunk a world to hell ;
 He bore it for his chosen race—
 And now he is my hiding-place. Brewer.

27. BELIEVE, AND BE SAVED. L. M.

1. NOT to condemn the sons of men,
 Did Christ the Son of God appear ;
 No weapons in his hands are seen,
 No flaming sword, nor thunder there.
2. Such was the pity of our God,
 He loved the race of man so well,
 He sent his Son to bear our load
 Of sins, and save our souls from hell.
3. Sinners, believe the Saviour's word,
 Trust in his mighty name, and live ;
 A thousand joys his lips afford,
 His hands a thousand blessings give. Watts.

DUNDEE. C.M.

1. Come, Ho - - ly Spir - - it, heavenly Dove, With

2. Look how we grov - - el here be - - low, Fond

all thy quickening powers; Kin - dle a flame of

of these tri - fling toys; Our souls can nei - - ther

sa - - cred love In these cold hearts of ours.

fly nor go To reach e - - ter - - nal joys.

28. BREATHING AFTER THE SPIRIT. C. M.

3. In vain we tune our formal songs,
 In vain we strive to rise;
 Hosannas languish on our tongues,
 And our devotion dies.
4. Dear Lord, and shall we ever live
 At this poor dying rate—
 Our love so faint, so cold to thee,
 And thine to us so great?
6. Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly dove,
 With all thy quickening powers;
 Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
 And that shall kindle ours. Watts
-

29. HEALING MERCY IMploRED. C. M.

1. HEAL us, Emmanuel; here we stand
 Waiting to feel thy touch;
 To wounded souls stretch forth thy hand:
 Blest Saviour, we are such.
2. Remember him who once applied,
 With trembling, for relief:
 "Lord, I believe," with tears he cried,
 "O help my unbelief."
3. She too, who touched thee in the press,
 And healing virtue stole,
 Was answered, "Daughter, go in peace;
 Thy faith hath made thee whole."
4. Like her, with hopes and fears we come
 To touch thee if we may;
 O send us not despairing home,
 Send none unhealed away. Cowper

SHIRLAND. S.M.

STANLEY.

1. O Lord, thy work re - - vive In Zi - - on's

2. O let thy cho - - sen few A - wake to

gloom - - y hour, And let our dy - - - ing
ear - - - nest prayer, Their sa - - - cred vows a -
gra - - - ces live, By thy re - - - stor - ing power.
gain re - - new, And walk in fil - - ial fear.

30. "O LORD, REVIVE THY WORK." S. M.

3. Thy Spirit then will speak
Through lips of feeble clay,
Till hearts of adamant shall break,
Till rebels shall obey.
 4. Now lend thy gracious ear,
And listen to our cry;
O come and bring salvation near—
Our souls on thee rely. Spir. Songs.
-

31. PRAYER FOR THE SPIRIT. S. M.

1. COME, Holy Spirit, come!
Let thy bright beams arise;
Dispel the sorrow from our minds,
The darkness from our eyes.
2. Convince us of our sin;
Then lead to Jesus' blood;
And to our wondering view reveal
The secret love of God.
3. Revive our drooping faith;
Our doubts and fears remove;
And kindle in our breasts the flame
Of never-dying love.
4. 'Tis thine to cleanse the heart,
To sanctify the soul,
To pour fresh life in every part,
And new-create the whole.
5. Dwell, Spirit, in our hearts;
Our minds from bondage free;
Then shall we know, and praise, and love
The Father, Son, and thee. Hart.

GREENVILLE. 8, 7, 4.

1. Sav - iour, vis - it thy plan - ta - tion; Grant us,

2. Keep no lon - ger at a dis - tance; Shine up -

d. c. Lord, re - vive us; Lord, re - vive us; All our

Lord, a gra - - cious rain! All will come to

on us from on high, Lest for want of

help must come from thee.

des - - o - la - - tion, Un - less thou re - turn a - gain.

thine as - sist - ance, Eve - ry plant should droop and die.

32. PRAYER FOR A REVIVAL. 8, 7, 4.

3. Let our mutual love be fervent,
 Make us prevalent in prayers;
 Let each one esteemed thy servant
 Shun the world's bewitching snares.
 Lord, revive us;
 All our help must come from thee.
4. Break the tempter's fatal power;
 Turn the stony heart to flesh;
 And begin from this good hour
 To revive thy work afresh.
 Lord, revive us;
 All our help must come from thee. Newton
-

33. THE GOOD SHEPHERD. 8, 7, 4.

1. GENTLY, Lord, O gently lead us
 Through this lowly vale of tears;
 And, O Lord, in mercy give us
 Thy rich grace in all our fears.
 O, refresh us—
 O refresh us with thy grace.
2. Though ten thousand ills beset us
 From without and from within,
 Jesus says he'll ne'er forget us,
 But will save from hell and sin;
 He is faithful,
 To perform his gracious word.
3. O that I could now adore him
 Like the heavenly host above—
 Who for ever bow before him,
 And unceasing sing his love.
 Happy songsters,
 When shall I your chorus join? Faweett.

UXBRIDGE. L. M.

L. MASON.

1. Come, sacred Spir - - it, from a - - bove, And

2. Speak thou—and from the haughtiest eyes Shall

3. Oh, let a ho - - ly flock a - - wait, In
fill the coldest heart with love: Oh, turn to flesh the
floods of con - trite sor - row rise; While all their glowing
crowds around thy tem - ple - gate! Each pressing on with
flin - ty stone, And let thy sovereign power be known.
souls are borne To seek that grace which now they scorn.
zeal to be A liv - ing sac - - ri - - fice to thee.

35. VISION OF DRY BONES. L. M.

1. LOOK down, O Lord, with pitying eye ;
See Adam's race in ruin lie ;
Sin spreads its trophies o'er the ground,
And scatters slaughtered heaps around.
2. Thy ministers are sent in vain
To prophesy upon the slain ;
In vain they call, in vain they cry
Till thine almighty aid is nigh.
3. But by thy Spirit's quickening breath,
Life spreads through all the realms of death :
Dry bones obey thy powerful voice ;
They move, they waken, they rejoice.

Doddridge.

36. OPERATIONS OF THE SPIRIT. L. M.

1. ETERNAL Spirit, we confess
And sing the wonders of thy grace ;
Thy power conveys our blessings down
From God the Father and the Son.
2. Enlightened by thy heavenly ray,
Our shades and darkness turn to day ;
Thine inward teachings make us know
Our danger and our refuge too.
3. Thy power and glory work within,
And break the chains of reigning sin ;
Do our imperious lusts subdue,
And form our wretched hearts anew.
4. The troubled conscience knows thy voice,
Thy cheering words awake our joys :
Thy words allay the stormy wind,
And calm the surges of the mind.

Watts.

BREST. 8, 7, 4.

L. MASON.

1. Hear, O sinner, mercy hails you,
Now with sweetest voice she calls,

The first system of the musical score is written on three staves. The top staff is a single melodic line in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 4/4 time signature. The middle and bottom staves are a piano accompaniment in treble and bass clefs, respectively, with the same key signature and time signature. The lyrics are placed below the staves.

Bids you haste to seek the Saviour,
Ere the hand of justice falls:

The second system of the musical score continues the melody and accompaniment on three staves. The lyrics are placed below the staves.

Trust in Je - sus— 'Tis the voice of mer - cy calls.

The third system of the musical score concludes the piece on three staves. The lyrics are placed below the staves.

37. SINNERS INVITED TO CHRIST. 8, 7, 4.

2. Haste, O sinner, to the Saviour,
 Seek his mercy while you may ;
 Soon the day of grace is over—
 Soon your life will pass away :
 Haste to Jesus—
 You must perish, if you stay.
-

38. "IT IS FINISHED." 8, 7, 4.

1. Hark ! the voice of love and mercy
 Sounds aloud from Calvary ;
 See, it rends the rocks asunder,
 Shakes the earth, and veils the sky !
 "It is finished !"
 Hear the dying Saviour cry.
2. "It is finished !" O what pleasure
 Do these precious words afford !
 Heavenly blessings without measure
 Flow to us from Christ the Lord.
 "It is finished !"
 Saints, the dying words record.
3. Finished, all the types and shadows
 Of the ceremonial law ;
 Finished, all that God had promised—
 Death and hell no more shall awe :
 "It is finished !"
 Saints, from hence your comforts draw.
4. Tune your harps anew, ye seraphs ;
 Join to sing the pleasing theme :
 All on earth, and all in heaven,
 Join to praise Immanuel's name.
 Hallelujah !
 Glory to the bleeding Lamb ! Burder's Col.

BROWN. C.M. W.B. BRADBURY.

1. The Saviour calls, let eve - - ry ear At-

2. For eve - - ry thirs - ty, long - ing heart, Here

3. Dear Sav - iour, draw re - - luc - tant hearts, To

tend the heav - enly sound: Ye doubting souls, dis-

streams of boun - - ty flow; And life, and health, and

thee let sin - - ners fly; And take the bliss thy

miss your fear, Hope smiles re - - viv - - ing round.

bliss im - - - part, To ban - - ish mor - - tal woe.

love im - - - parts, And drink and nev - - - er die.

40. THE YOUNG EXHORTED. C. M.

1. YE hearts with youthful vigor warm,
In smiling crowds draw near,
And turn from every mortal charm
A Saviour's voice to hear.
 2. He, Lord of all the worlds on high,
Stoops to converse with you ;
And lays his radiant glories by,
Your welfare to pursue.
 3. The soul that longs to see his face
Is sure his love to gain ;
And those that early seek his grace
Shall never seek in vain. Doddridge.
-

41. THE LIVING WATERS. C. M.

1. OH what amazing words of grace
Are in the gospel found,
Suited to every sinner's case,
That hears the joyful sound.
2. Come then with all your wants and wounds,
Your every burden bring ;
Here love, unchanging love abounds,
A deep, celestial spring.
3. This spring with living water flows
And heavenly joy imparts ;
Come, thirsty souls, your wants disclose
And drink with thankful hearts.
4. A host of sinners, vile as you,
Have here found life and peace ;
Come then, and prove its virtues too,
And drink, adore, and bless. Medley.

INVITATION. C.M. T. HASTINGS.

2d TREBLE.

1. Return, O wanderer, to thy home, Thy Fa - ther

1st TREBLE.

2. Return, O wanderer, to thy home, 'Tis Je - sus

calls for thee; No lon - ger now an ex - - ile roam In

calls for thee! The Spir - it and the bride say, Come! O

guilt and mis - - - e - - ry. Re - turn! Re - turn!

now for ref - - - uge flee. Re - turn! Re - turn!

42. "RETURN, O WANDERER." C. M.

3. Return, O wanderer, to thy home,
 'Tis madness to delay ;
 There are no pardons in the tomb,
 And brief is mercy's day.

Return ! return ! Hastings.

43. THE SINNER ENTREATED. C. M.

1. SINNERS, the voice of God regard ;
 His mercy speaks to-day ;
 He calls you by his sovereign word,
 From sin's destructive way.
 (Return ! Return !)
2. Like the rough sea, that cannot rest,
 You live devoid of peace ;
 A thousand stings within your breast
 Deprive your souls of ease.
3. Why will you in the crooked ways
 Of sin and folly go ?
 In pain you travail all your days,
 To reap immortal woe !
4. But he who turns to God shall live,
 Through his abounding grace :
 His mercy will the guilt forgive
 Of those who seek his face.
5. Bow to the sceptre of his word,
 Renouncing every sin ;
 Submit to him, your sovereign Lord,
 And learn his will divine.
6. His love exceeds your highest thoughts,
 He pardons like a God ;
 He will forgive your numerous faults
 Through a Redeemer's blood. Fawcett

FENWICK. S, 7, 4.

L. MASON.

1. Sin - ners, will you scorn the message Sent in
Eve - - ry sentence, O how tender! Eve - ry

2. Hear the her - alds of the gos - pel News from
To each reb - - el sin - ner, "Pardon, Free for-

mer - cy from a - - bove?
line is full of love: List - - en to it—

Zi - on's King pro - claim,
giveness in his name:" How im - - por - tant!

Eve - - - ry line is full of love.

Free for - - - give - - - ness in his name!

44. SINNERS ENTREATED TO HEAR. 8, 7, 4.

3. Who hath our report believed?
 Who received the joyful word?
 Who embraced the news of pardon
 Offered to you by the Lord?
 Can you slight it—
 Offered to you by the Lord!
4. O, ye angels hovering round us,
 Waiting spirits, speed your way;
 Hasten to the court of heaven,
 Tidings bear without delay:
 Rebel sinners
 Glad the message will obey.

Allen.

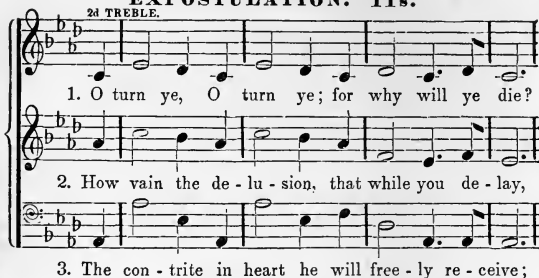
45. SINNERS INVITED TO CHRIST. 8, 7, 4.

1. COME, ye weary, heavy laden,
 Lost and ruined by the fall;
 If you tarry till you 're better,
 You will never come at all:
 Not the righteous—
Sinners Jesus came to call.
2. Let not conscience make you linger,
 Nor of fitness fondly dream;
 All the fitness he requireth
 Is to feel your need of him:
 This he gives you—
 'Tis the Spirit's rising beam.
3. Lo, the incarnate God, ascended,
 Pleads the merit of his blood;
 Venture on him, venture wholly,
 Let no other trust intrude:
 None but Jesus
 Can do helpless sinners good.

Hart.

EXPOSTULATION. 11s.

2d TREBLE.



1. O turn ye, O turn ye; for why will ye die?

2. How vain the de-lu-sion, that while you de-lay,

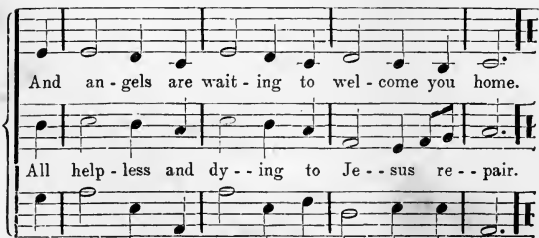
3. The con-trite in heart he will free-ly re-ceive;



Since God in great mer-cy is com-ing so nigh,
Since Je-sus in-vites you, the Spir-it says, Come,

Your hearts may grow bet-ter, your chains melt a-way;
Come wretched, come guil-ty, come just as you are;

O why will you not the glad mes-sage be-lieve?
If sin be your bur-den, Oh, will you not come?



And an-gels are wait-ing to wel-come you home.

All help-less and dy-ing to Je-sus re-pair.

'Tis you he makes wel-come; he bids you come home.

47. THE WAY TO PEACE. 11s.

1. ACQUAINT thyself quickly, O sinner, with God,
And joy like the sunshine shall beam on thy road,
And peace like the dew-drops shall fall on thy head,
And sleep like an angel shall visit thy bed.
2. Acquaint thyself quickly, O sinner, with God,
And he shall be with thee when fears are abroad ;
Thy safeguard in dangers that threaten thy path,
Thy joy in the valley and shadow of death.

Christian Melody.

48. DELAY NOT. 11s.

1. Delay not, delay not, O sinner—draw near ;
The waters of life are now flowing for thee :
No price is demanded, the Saviour is here,
Redemption is purchased, salvation is free.
2. Delay not, delay not ; why longer abuse
The love and compassion of Jesus thy God ?
A fountain is opened, how canst thou refuse
To wash and be cleansed in his pardoning blood ?
3. Delay not, delay not, O sinner, to come,
For mercy still lingers, and calls thee to-day :
Her voice is not heard in the vale of the tomb ;
Her message, unheeded, will soon pass away.
4. Delay not, delay not—the Spirit of grace,
Long grieved and resisted, may take its sad flight,
And leave thee in darkness to finish thy race—
To sink in the gloom of eternity's night.
5. Delay not, delay not—the hour is at hand—
The earth shall dissolve, and the heavens shall fade ;
The dead, small and great, in the judgment shall stand ;
What power then, O sinner, shall lend thee its aid ?

S. Songs.

JUDGMENT.

From SPIR. SONGS.

Slow.

1. Oh, there will be mourning Before the judgment-seat,

When this world is burning Beneath Je - hovah's feet.

Friends and kindred there will part, Will part to meet no more ;

Wrath will sink the rebel's heart, While saints on high adore.

Pia.

Oh, there will be mourning Before the judgment-seat.

49. THE JUDGMENT-DAY.

2. Oh, there will be mourning
 Before the judgment-seat,
 When the trumpet's warning
 The sinner's ear shall greet.
 Friends and kindred there will part,
 Will part to meet no more ;
 Wrath will sink the rebel's heart,
 While saints on high adore.
3. Oh, there will be mourning
 Before the judgment-seat,
 When from dust returning,
 The lost their doom shall meet.
 Friends and kindred, etc.
4. Oh, there will be mourning
 Before the judgment-seat ;
 Justice ever frowning
 Shall seal the sinner's fate.
 Friends and kindred, etc. Spir. Songs.

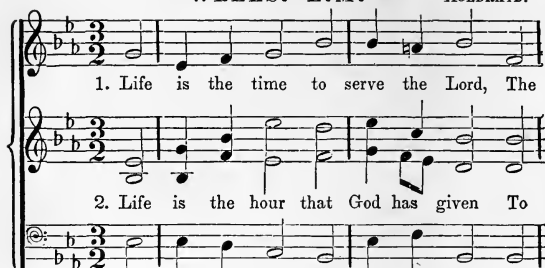
50. DAY OF JUDGMENT. L. M.*

1. THAT day of wrath ! that dreadful day,
 When heaven and earth shall pass away !
 What power shall be the sinner's stay ?
 How shall he meet that dreadful day—
2. When, shrivelling like a parched scroll,
 The flaming heavens together roll ;
 And louder yet and yet more dread,
 Swells the high trump that wakes the dead ?
3. Oh, on that day—that wrathful day,
 When man to judgment wakes from clay,
 Be THOU, O Christ, the sinner's stay,
 Though heaven and earth shall pass away.

* See WELLS, on the next page.

WELLS. L.M.

HOLDRAVE.



1. Life is the time to serve the Lord, The

2. Life is the hour that God has given To

3. The liv - ing know that they must die, But

time t'in - sure the great re - ward; And while the lamp holds

'scape from hell and fly to heaven; The day of grace, and

all the dead for - got - ten lie; Their memory and their

out to burn, The vi - lest sin - ner may re - - turn.

mor - tals may Se - cure the bless - ings of the day.

sense is gone, A - - like un - knowing and un - known.

51. LIFE, THE DAY OF GRACE. L. M.

4. Then what my thoughts design to do,
My hands with all your might pursue;
Since no device nor work is found,
Nor faith, nor hope, beneath the ground.
 5. There are no acts of pardon passed
In the cold grave to which we haste;
But darkness, death, and long despair
Reign in eternal silence there. Watts.
-

52. WARNING. L. M.

1. SINNER, O why so thoughtless grown;
Why in such dreadful haste to die!
Daring to leap to worlds unknown—
Heedless against thy God to fly!
 2. Wilt thou despise eternal fate,
Urged on by sin's delusive dreams,
Madly attempt th' infernal gate,
And force thy passage to the flames?
-

53. JOY OVER THE CONVERT. L. M.

1. WHO can describe the joys that rise
Through all the courts of Paradise,
To see a prodigal return,
To see an heir of glory born?
2. With joy the Father doth approve
The fruit of his eternal love;
The Son with joy looks down and sees
The purchase of his agonies;
3. The Spirit takes delight to view
The holy soul he formed anew;
And saints and angels join to sing
The growing empire of their King. Watts.

MORELAND. C.M. T. HASTINGS.

1. How help - less guil - - ty na - - ture lies, Un-

2. Can aught be - neath a power di - vine, The

3. 'Tis thine the pas - sions to re - - call, And

conscious of her load! The heart unchanged can nev - er

stubborn will sub - due? 'Tis thine, al - mighty Spir - it,

up - wards bid them rise; To make the scales of er - - ror

rise To hap - - pi - - ness and God.

thine To form the heart a - - - new.

fall From rea - - son's dark - - ened eyes;

54. NEED OF RENEWING GRACE. C. M.

4. To chase the shades of death away,
And bid the sinner live :
A beam of heaven, a vital ray,
'Tis thine alone to give.
 5. Oh, change these wretched hearts of ours,
And give them life divine ;
Then shall our passions and our powers,
Almighty Lord, be thine. Steele
-

55. WARNING TO PREPARE FOR DEATH. C. M.

1. VAIN man, thy fond pursuits forbear ;
Repent—thy end is nigh :
Death, at the farthest, can't be far ;
Oh, think before thou die !
2. Reflect—thou hast a soul to save :
Thy sins, how high they mount !
What are thy hopes beyond the grave ?
How stands that dread account ?
3. Death enters, and there 's no defence :
His time there 's none can tell ;
He 'll in a moment call thee hence
To heaven—or to hell.
4. Thy flesh, perhaps thy chiefest care,
Shall crawling worms consume ;
But ah, destruction stops not there—
Sin kills beyond the tomb.
5. To-day the gospel calls ; to-day,
Sinners, it speaks to you :
Let every one forsake his way,
And mercy will ensue. Hart.

DENNIS. S.M.

NÄGELI.
ARR'D BY L. MASON.

1. O where shall rest be found—Rest for the

2. The world can nev - - er give The bliss for

wea - - ry soul? 'Twere vain the o - - - cean's
which we sigh; 'Tis not the whole of
depths to sound, Or pierce to ei - - - ther pole.
life to live, Nor all of death to die.

56. LIFE AND DEATH ETERNAL. S. M.

3. Beyond this vale of tears
There is a life above,
Unmeasured by the flight of years;
And all that life is love.
 4. There is a death, whose pang
Outlasts the fleeting breath:
O what eternal horrors hang
Around "the second death!"
 5. Lord God of truth and grace,
Teach us that death to shun,
Lest we be banished from thy face
And evermore undone. Montgomery.
-

57. REST IN GOD. S. M.

1. OH cease, my wandering soul,
On restless wing to roam;
All this wide world, to either pole,
Has not for thee a home.
2. Behold the ark of God!
Behold the open door;
Oh, haste to gain that dear abode,
And roam, my soul, no more.
3. There safe thou shalt abide,
There sweet shall be thy rest,
And every longing satisfied,
With full salvation blest.
4. Then cease, my wandering soul,
On restless wing to roam;
All this wide world, to either pole,
Has not for thee a home. Epis. Col.

“TO-DAY.” 6, 4. Pec. L. MASON.

1. To - day the Sav - iour calls! Ye wanderers
2. To - day the Sav - iour calls! For ref - uge

3. To - - day the Sav - iour calls! Oh, list - en
4. The Spir - - it calls to - - day! Yield to his

come; O, ye be - night - ed souls, Why lon - ger roam?
fly; The storm of vengeance falls; Ru - - in is nigh.

now: With - in these sa - cred walls To Je - sus bow.
power; Oh, grieve him not a - - way, 'Tis mer - cy's hour.

59. “CHILD OF SIN.” 6, 4. T. HASTINGS.

1. Child of sin and sor - row, Filled with dis - may,
Wait not for to - mor - row, Yield thee to - day;

D. C. Child of sin and sor - row, Hear and o - - bey.

Heaven bids thee come, While yet there's room;

59. COME TO CHRIST. 6, 4.

2. Child of sin and sorrow,
 Why wilt thou die?
 Come, while thou canst borrow
 Help from on high:
 Grieve not that love
 Which from above,
 Child of sin and sorrow,
 Would bring thee nigh.

Spir Songs

60. CHRIST OUR PEACE. 6, 4.

1. Why that soul's commotion,
 Trembling, oppressed,
 Like the troubled ocean
 Heaving its breast?
 Some hidden grief
 Demands relief.
 Why that soul's commotion,
 Panting for rest?
2. Why that soul's commotion?
 Cease from thy sin:
 Choose the better portion;
 Cleanse thee within:
 A fountain flows
 To heal thy woes:
 Why that soul's commotion?
 Wash and be clean.
3. Why that soul's commotion?
 Heaven can forgive:
 With thy heart's devotion
 Firmly believe;
 To-day return,
 And cease to mourn.
 Why that soul's commotion?
 Oh turn and live.

Sac. Lyre.

OLMUTZ. S. M. Arr'd by L. MASON.

1. And will the Judge de - - scend? And

2. How will my heart en - - - dure The

The musical notation for the first system is in G major (one flat), 3/2 time. It consists of three staves. The first staff has a treble clef and a key signature of one flat. The second and third staves have a bass clef and a key signature of one flat. The melody is written on the first staff, and the accompaniment is on the second and third staves.

must the dead a - - rise? And not a sin - - gle

ter - rors of that day, When earth and heaven be-

The musical notation for the second system continues the melody and accompaniment from the first system. It consists of three staves with the same key signature and time signature.

soul es - - cape His all- dis - cern - - ing eyes?

fore his face As - - ton ished shrink a - - - way!

The musical notation for the third system concludes the hymn. It consists of three staves with the same key signature and time signature, ending with a double bar line.

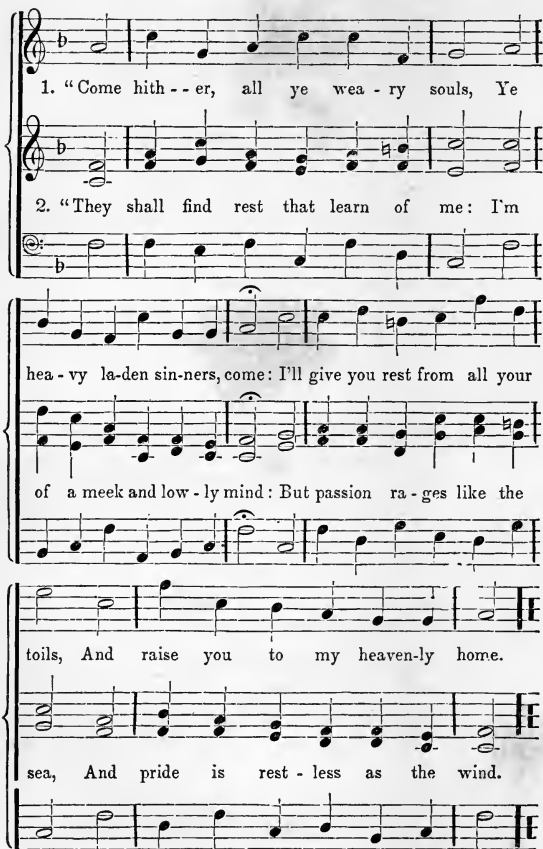
61. CHRIST OUR REFUGE. S. M.

3. But ere that trumpet shakes
The mansions of the dead,
Hark, from the gospel's cheering sound
What joyful tidings spread !
 4. Ye sinners, seek His grace,
Whose wrath ye cannot bear ;
Fly to the shelter of his cross,
And find salvation there.
 5. So shall that curse remove
By which the Saviour bled ;
And the last, awful day shall pour
His blessings on your head. Doddridge.
-

62. THE ACCEPTED TIME. S. M.

1. NOW is the accepted time,
Now is the day of grace ;
Now, sinners, come without delay,
And seek the Saviour's face.
2. Now is the accepted time,
The Saviour calls to-day ;
To-morrow it may be too late—
Then why should you delay ?
3. Now is the accepted time,
The gospel bids you come ;
And every promise in his word
Declares there yet is room.
4. Lord, draw reluctant souls,
And feast them with thy love ;
Then will the angels clap their wings
And bear the news above. Dobell.

IOSCO. L. M. Melody by JOHN HUSS.



1. "Come hith - er, all ye wea - ry souls, Ye

2. "They shall find rest that learn of me: I'm

hea - vy la-den sin-ners, come: I'll give you rest from all your

of a meek and low - ly mind: But passion ra - ges like the

toils, And raise you to my heaven-ly home.

sea, And pride is rest - less as the wind.

63. CHRIST'S INVITATION. L. M.

3. "Blest is the man whose shoulders take
My yoke, and bear it with delight;
My yoke is easy to his neck,
My grace shall make the burden light."
4. Jesus, we come at thy command:
With faith, and hope, and humble zeal,
Resign our spirits to thy hand,
To mould and guide us at thy will. Watts.
-

64. "JUST AS I AM!" L. M.

1. JUST as I am, without one plea,
Save that thy blood was shed for me,
And that thou bidst me come to thee,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come!
2. Just as I am—and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come!
3. Just as I am—poor, wretched, blind;
Life, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I want, in thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come!
4. Just as I am—thou wilt receive,
Wilt pardon, comfort, cleanse, relieve;
Because thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come!
5. Just as I am—for love unknown
Has broken every barrier down;
Now to be thine and thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come!

WINDHAM. L.M.

READ.

1. Broad is the road that leads to death, And

2. "De - ny thy - self and take thy cross," Is

3. The fear - ful soul, that tires and faints, And

thousands walk to - geth - er there; But wisdom shows a
the Re - deemer's great command; Nature must count her
walks the ways of God no more, Is but esteemed al-

nar - row path, With here and there a trav - el - ler.
gold but dross, If she would gain this heavenly land.

most a saint, And makes his own de - struction sure.

65. "NARROW IS THE WAY." L. M.

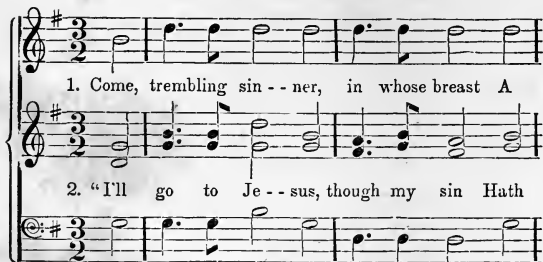
4. Lord, let not all my hopes be vain ;
Create my heart entirely new :
Which hypocrites could ne'er attain,
Which false apostates never knew. Watts.
-

66. IMPLORING MERCY. L. M.

1. SHOW pity, Lord ; O Lord, forgive ;
Let a repenting rebel live :
Are not thy mercies large and free ?
May not a sinner trust in thee ?
2. My crimes are great, but can't surpass
The power and glory of thy grace :
Great God, thy nature hath no bound,
So let thy pardoning love be found.
3. O wash my soul from every sin,
And make my guilty conscience clean ;
Here on my heart the burden lies,
And past offences pain my eyes.
4. My lips with shame my sins confess,
Against thy law, against thy grace ;
Lord, should thy judgment grow severe,
I am condemned, but thou art clear.
5. Should sudden vengeance seize my breath,
I must pronounce thee just, in death :
And if my soul were sent to hell,
Thy righteous law approves it well.
6. Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord,
Whose hope, still hovering round thy word,
Would light on some sweet promise there,
Some sure support against despair. Watts.

WOODLAND. C.M.

N. D. GOULD.



1. Come, trembling sin - - ner, in whose breast A

2. "I'll go to Je - - sus, though my sin Hath

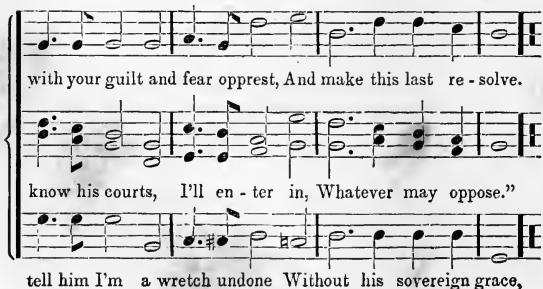


3. "Prostrate I'll lie be - - fore his throne, And

thousand tho'ts revolve; Come, wi' your guilt and fear oppress, Come,

like a mountain rose; I know his courts, I'll en - ter in, I

there my guilt confess; I'll tell him I'm a wretch undone, I'll



with your guilt and fear oppress, And make this last re - solve.

know his courts, I'll en - ter in, Whatever may oppose."

tell him I'm a wretch undone Without his sovereign grace,

67. RESOLVING TO GO TO CHRIST. C. M.

4. "I'll to the gracious King approach,
Whose sceptre pardon gives;
Perhaps he may command my touch,
And then the suppliant lives .
5. "Perhaps he will admit my plea,
Perhaps will hear my prayer;
But if I perish, I will pray,
And perish only there.
6. "I can but perish if I go,
I am resolved to try;
For if I stay away, I know
I must for ever die."

Jones.

68. PRAYER OF A PENITENT. C. M.

1. O THOU whose tender mercy hears
Contrition's humble sigh,
Whose hand indulgent wipes the tears
From sorrow's weeping eye :
2. See, low before thy throne of grace,
A wretched wanderer mourn;
Hast thou not bid me seek thy face?
Hast thou not said, "Return?"
3. And shall my guilty fears prevail
To drive me from thy feet?
Oh, let not this dear refuge fail,
This only safe retreat.
4. Oh, shine on this benighted heart,
With beams of mercy shine;
And let thy healing voice impart
A taste of joys divine.

Steele.

BANGOR. C.M.

RAVENSCROFT.

1. A - - las, and did my Sav - iour bleed? And

2. Was it for crimes that I had done He

The first system of the musical score is written in 2/2 time with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). It consists of three staves. The top staff is the melody, the middle staff is a harmonic accompaniment, and the bottom staff is a bass line. The lyrics are printed below the staves.

did my Sovereign die? Would he de - - vote that

groaned up - on the tree? A - maz - ing pit - - y!

The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. It features a variety of note values including eighth and sixteenth notes, as well as rests. The lyrics continue below the staves.

sa - - cred head, For such a worm as I?

grace un - known! And love be - - yond de - gree!

The third system concludes the piece. It includes a final cadence with a double bar line. The lyrics end with 'grace un - known! And love be - - yond de - gree!'.

69. GODLY SORROW IN VIEW OF CHRIST. C. M.

3. Well might the sun in darkness hide
And shut his glories in,
When Christ the mighty Saviour died
For man, the rebel's sin.
4. Thus might I hide my blushing face
While his dear cross appears ;
Dissolve, my heart, in thankfulness,
And melt, mine eyes, in tears.
5. But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe ;
Here, Lord, I give myself away,
'Tis all that I can do.

Watts.

70. DEATH OF CHRIST ON THE CROSS. C. M.

1. BEHOLD the Saviour of mankind
Nailed to the shameful tree !
How vast the love that him inclined
To bleed and die for me !
2. " My God ! " he cries—all nature shakes,
And earth's strong pillars bend !
The temple's veil in sunder breaks,
The solid marbles rend.
3. " 'Tis finished—now the ransom's paid—
Receive my soul, " he cries ;
Behold, he bows his sacred head,
He bows his head and dies !
4. But soon he'll break death's envious chain,
And in full glory shine :
O Lamb of God, was ever pain,
Was ever love like thine !

Pratt's Col.

AYLESBURY. S.M.

1. Did Christ o'er sin - - - ners weep, And

2. The Son of God in tears, An-

3. He wept that we might weep; Each

shall our cheeks be dry? Let floods of pen - - - i-

gels with won - der see! Be thou as - - ton - ished,

sin de - mands a tear: In heaven a - - lone no

ten' - - tial grief Burst forth from ev - - ery eye.

O my soul! He shed those tears for thee.

sin is found, And there's no weep - ing there.

72. SIN SLAIN BY THE CROSS. S. M.

1. SHALL we go on to sin
Because thy grace abounds?
Or erucify the Lord again,
And open all his wounds?
 2. Forbid it, mighty God;
Nor let it e'er be said
That we, whose sins are erucified,
Should raise them from the dead.
 3. We will be slaves no more,
Since Christ has made us free,
Has nailed our tyrants to the cross
And bought our librtv. Watts.
-

73. CHRIST A PERFECT SAVIOUR. S. M.

1. HOW heavy is the night
That hangs upon our eyes,
Till Christ, with his reviving light,
Over our souls arise.
2. Our guilty spirits dread
To meet the wrath of heaven;
But in his righteousness arrayed,
We see our sins forgiven.
3. Unholy and impure
Are all our thoughts and ways;
His hands infected nature cure
With sanctifying grace.
4. Lord, we adore thy ways
To bring us near to God,
Thy sovereign power, thy healing grace,
And thine atoning blood. Watts.

SOVEREIGN GRACE. 7s.

1. Sove - reign grace has power a - - - lone

2. When the Lord was cru - - - ci - - - fied,

3. Thus he spent his wick - - ed breath

To sub - due a heart of stone: And the moment

Two transgressors with him died; One, with vile blas-

In the ve - - ry jaws of death: Per - ished, as too

grace is felt, Then the hard - est heart will melt.

pheming tongue, Scoffed at Je - - sus as he hung.

many do, With the Sav - iour in his view.

74. THE PENITENT THIEF. 7s.

4. But the other, touched with grace,
Saw the danger of his case,
Faith received to own the Lord,
Whom the scribes and priests abhorred.
 5. "Lord," he prayed, "remember me,
When in glory thou shalt be :"
"Soon with me," the Lord replies,
"Thou shalt rest in paradise."
 6. This was wondrous grace indeed,
Grace bestowed in time of need :
Sinners, trust in Jesus' name ;
You shall find him still the same. Newton
-

75. JOINED TO GOD'S PEOPLE. 7s.

1. PEOPLE of the living God,
I have sought the world around,
Paths of sin and sorrow trod,
Peace and comfort nowhere found :
2. Now to you my spirit turns,
Turns—a fugitive unblest ;
Brethren, where your altar burns,
Oh receive me into rest.
3. Lonely I no longer roam,
Like the cloud, the wind, the wave ;
Where you dwell shall be my home,
Where you die shall be my grave ;
4. Mine the God whom you adore—
Your Redeemer shall be mine :
Earth can fill my soul no more,
Every idol I resign. Montgomery.

ARMSTRONG. L.M. T. HASTINGS.

1 When I sur - vey the wondrous cross On which the

2. For - bid it, Lord, that I should boast, Save in the

3. See, from his head, his hands, his feet, Sorrow and

Prince of glo - ry died, My rich - est gain I count but

death of Christ, my God; All the vain things that charm me

love flow mingled down! Did e'er such love and sor - row

loss, And pour con - tempt on all my pride.

most, I sac - - ri - - fice them to his blood.

meet, Or thorns com - pose so rich a crown?

76. CHRIST CRUCIFIED. L. M.

4. Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love, so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all. Watts
-

77. THE PENITENT RESTORED. L. M.

1. O THOU, that hear'st when sinners cry,
Though all my crimes before thee lie,
Behold them not with angry look,
But blot their memory from thy book.
2. My soul lies humbled in the dust
And owns thy dreadful sentence just:
Look down, O Lord, with pitying eye,
And save the soul condemned to die.
3. Though I have grieved thy Spirit, Lord,
His help and comfort still afford,
And let a wretch come near thy throne
To plead the merits of thy Son.
4. I cannot live without thy light,
Cast out and banished from thy sight;
Thy holy joys, my God, restore,
And guard me that I fall no more. Watts.
-

78. SELF-DEDICATION TO GOD. L. M.

1. LORD, I am thine, entirely thine,
Purchased and saved by blood divine;
With full consent thine I would be,
And own thy sovereign right in me.
2. Grant one poor sinner more a place
Among the children of thy grace;
A wretched sinner, lost to God,
But ransomed by Emmanuel's blood. Davies.

GANGES. C.P.M.

1. Awaked by Sinai's awful sound,
My soul in bonds of guilt I found, And

2. When to the law I trembling fled,
It poured its curses on my head—I

The first system of the musical score for 'GANGES. C.P.M.' consists of three staves. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a time signature of 2/2. The middle and bottom staves are in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The music is written in a simple, hymn-like style with eighth and quarter notes.

knew not where to go; Eternal truth did loud proclaim, "The
no relief could find: This fearful truth increased my pain—"The

The second system of the musical score continues the melody and accompaniment from the first system. It consists of three staves in the same key and time signature, with lyrics written below the staves.

sin - ner must be born again, Or sink to end - less woe."
sinner must be born again"—And whelmed my tortured mind.

The third system of the musical score concludes the piece. It consists of three staves in the same key and time signature, with lyrics written below the staves. The music ends with a final cadence on the bottom staff.

79. "YE MUST BE BORN AGAIN." C. P. M.

3. The saints I heard with rapture tell
How Jesus conquered death and hell,
And broke the fowler's snare ;
Yet when I found this truth remain—
"The sinner must be born again"—
I sunk in deep despair.
4. But while I thus in anguish lay,
The gracious Saviour passed that way
And felt his pity move.
The sinner, by his justice slain,
Now by his grace is born again,
And sings redeeming love.

Occum

80. TRUSTING IN CHRIST FOR PARDON. C. P. M.

1. O THOU that hear'st the prayer of faith,
Wilt thou not save a soul from death,
That casts itself on thee ?
I have no refuge of my own,
But fly to what my Lord hath done
And suffered once for me.
2. Slain in the guilty sinner's stead,
His spotless righteousness I plead,
And his availing blood :
That righteousness my robe shall be,
That merit shall atone for me,
And bring me near to God.
3. The king of terrors then would be
A welcome messenger to me,
To bid me come away :
Unlogged by earth, or earthly things,
I'd mount, I'd fly, with eager wings,
To everlasting day.

Toplady.

MARLOW. C. M. Arr'd by L. MASON.

1. Come, let us lift our joy - ful eyes Up

2. Once 'twas a seat of dread - ful wrath, And

3. Rich were the drops of Je - - sus' blood That

to the courts a - - - bove, And smile to see our

shot de - - your - ing flame; Our God ap - peared con -

calmed his frown - ing face; That sprinkled o'er his

Fa - - ther there Up - - on a throne of love.

sum - ing fire, And Ven - geance was his name.

burn - ing throne, And turned the wrath to grace.

81. ACCESS TO THE THRONE BY A MEDIATOR. C. M.

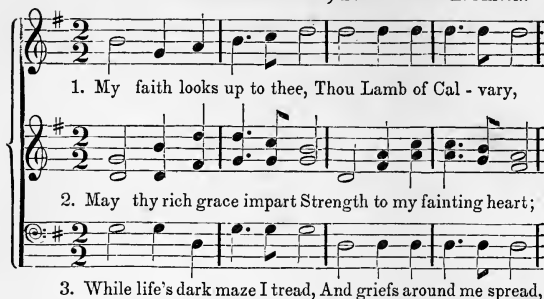
4. Now we may bow before his feet,
And venture near the Lord ;
No fiery cherub guards his seat,
Nor double flaming sword.
 5. The peaceful gates of heavenly bliss
Are opened by the Son ;
High let us raise our notes of praise,
And reach the Almighty throne. Watts
-

82. GLORIES OF GOD IN REDEMPTION.

1. FATHER, how wide thy glory shines !
How high thy wonders rise !
Known through the earth by thousand signs,
By thousands through the skies.
2. But when we view thy strange design
To save rebellious worms,
Where vengeance and compassion join,
In their divinest forms,
3. Here the whole Deity is known ;
Nor dares a creature guess
Which of the glories brightest shone,
The justice or the grace.
4. Now the full glories of the Lamb
Adorn the heavenly plains ;
Bright seraphs learn Emmanuel's name,
And try their choicest strains.
5. O may I bear some humble part
In that immortal song !
Wonder and joy shall tune my heart,
And love command my tongue. Watts.

OLIVET. 6, 4.

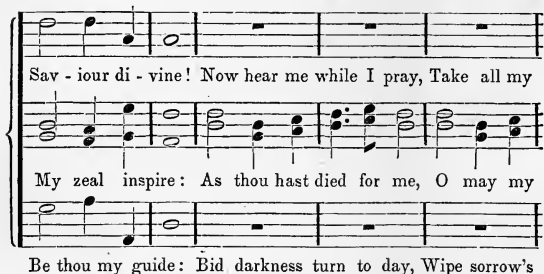
L. MASON.



1. My faith looks up to thee, Thou Lamb of Cal - vary,

2. May thy rich grace impart Strength to my fainting heart;

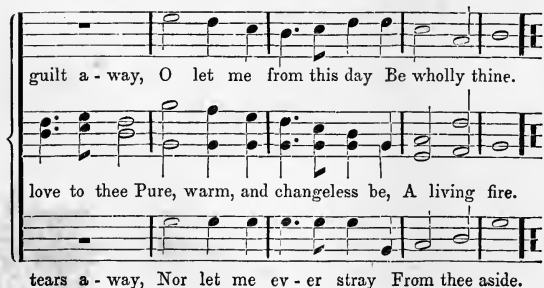
3. While life's dark maze I tread, And griefs around me spread,



Sav - iour di - vine! Now hear me while I pray, Take all my

My zeal inspire: As thou hast died for me, O may my

Be thou my guide: Bid darkness turn to day, Wipe sorrow's



guilt a - way, O let me from this day Be wholly thine.

love to thee Pure, warm, and changeless be, A living fire.

tears a - way, Nor let me ev - er stray From thee aside.

83. CHRIST OUR CONFIDENCE. 6, 4.

4. When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold, sullen stream
 Shall o'er me roll,
Blest Saviour, then in love
Fear and distrust remove;
O bear me safe above,
 A ransomed soul !

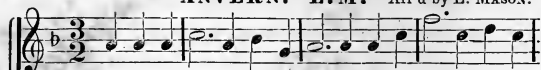
Palmer.

84. "WORTHY THE LAMB." 6, 4.

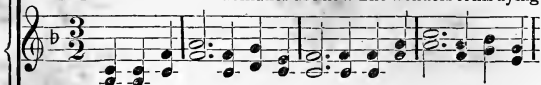
1. COME, all ye saints of God,
Wide through the earth abroad
 Spread Jesus' fame :
Tell what his love has done ;
Trust in his name alone ;
Shout to his lofty throne,
 "Worthy the Lamb !"
2. Hence, gloomy doubts and fears !
Dry up your mournful tears ;
 Swell the glad theme :
Praise ye our gracious King,
Strike each melodious string,
Join heart and voice to sing,
 "Worthy the Lamb !"
3. Hark, how the choirs above,
Filled with the Saviour's love,
 Dwell on his name !
There, too, may we be found,
With light and glory crowned,
While all the heavens resound,
 "Worthy the Lamb !"

Pratt's Col.

ANVERN. L. M. Arr'd by L. MASON.



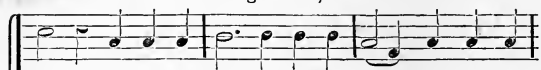
1. Now to the Lord that makes us know The wonders of his dying



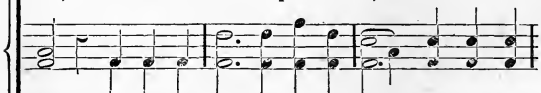
2. 'Twas he that cleans'd our foulest sins, And wash'd us in his richest



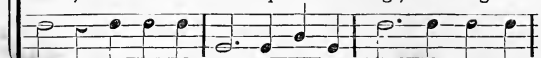
3. To Jesus our atoning Priest, To Jesus our e - ter - nal



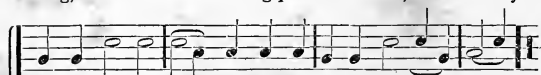
love, Be hum - ble hon - ors paid below, And strains of



blood; 'Tis he that makes us priests and kings, And brings us



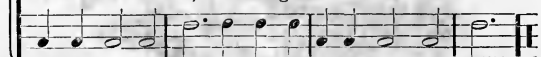
King, Be ev - er - last - ing power confessed, And ev - ery



nobler praise above, And strains of nobler praise a - bove.



rebels near to God, And brings us rebels near to God.



tongue his glory sing, And every tongue his glo - ry sing.

85. CHRIST THE REDEEMER AND JUDGE. L. M.

4. Behold, on flying clouds he comes,
And every eye shall see him move :
Though with our sins we pierced him once,
Now he displays his pardoning love.
5. The unbelieving world shall wail,
While we rejoice to see the day :
Come, Lord, nor let thy promise fail,
Nor let thy chariots long delay.

Watts

86. CHRIST'S EXALTATION. L. M.

1. WHAT equal honors shall we bring
To thee, O Lord our God, the Lamb,
When all the notes that angels sing,
Are far inferior to thy name !
2. Worthy is he that once was slain,
The Prince of life, that groaned and died—
Worthy to rise, and live, and reign
At his Almighty Father's side.
3. All riches are his native right,
Yet he sustained amazing loss :
To him ascribe eternal might,
Who left his weakness on the cross.
4. Honor immortal must be paid,
Instead of scandal and of scorn ;
While glory shines around his head,
And a bright crown without a thorn.
5. Blessings for ever on the Lamb,
Who bore the curse for wretched men ;
Let angels sound his sacred name,
And every creature say, Amen.

Watts.

CORONATION. C. M. O. HOLDEN

1. All hail the power of Jesus' name, Let angels prostrate fall ; Bring

2. Crown him, ye martyrs of our God, Who from his altar call ; Ex

forth the royal diadem, And crown him Lord of all ; Bring

tol the stem of Jesse's rod, And crown him Lord of all ; Ex-

forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown him Lord of all.

tol the stem of Jesse's rod, And crown him Lord of all.

87. CORONATION OF CHRIST. C. M.

3. Hail him, ye heirs of David's line,
Whom David "Lord" did call:
The God incarnate! Man divine!
And crown him Lord of all.
4. Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
Ye ransomed from the fall,
Hail him who saves you by his grace,
And crown him Lord of all.
5. Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall,
Go, spread your trophies at his feet,
And crown him Lord of all.
6. Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To him all majesty ascribe,
And crown him Lord of all.

Duncan.

88. PRINCE OF PEACE. C. M.

1. LET saints on earth their anthems raise,
Who taste the Saviour's grace;
Let heathen too proclaim his praise
And crown him "Prince of peace."
2. Praise him who laid his glory by
For man's apostate race;
Praise him who stooped to bleed and die,
And crown him "Prince of peace."
3. Ye nations lay your weapons down,
Let war for ever cease;
Immanuel for your Sovereign own
And crown him "Prince of peace."

Vill. Hymns.

PORTUGAL. L.M.

THORLEY.

1. Go worship at Emmanuel's feet; See in his

2. Is he a Fountain? there I bathe, And heal the

The first system of musical notation for the song 'PORTUGAL. L.M. THORLEY.' It consists of three staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a time signature of 2/4. The middle staff is also a treble clef with the same key signature and time signature. The bottom staff is a bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The music is written in a simple, folk-like style with many eighth and sixteenth notes.

face what wonders meet; Earth is too nar - - - row

plagues of sin and death; These waters all my

The second system of musical notation. It continues the melody from the first system. The top staff has a measure with a '3' above it, indicating a triplet. The middle staff has a measure with a sharp sign (#) below it. The bottom staff continues the bass line.

to ex - - press His worth, his glory, or his grace.

soul re - new, And cleanse my spotted gar - ments too.

The third system of musical notation. It concludes the piece. The top staff ends with a double bar line. The middle and bottom staves also end with double bar lines.

89. EMBLEMS OF CHRIST. L. M.

3. Is he a Vine? his heavenly root
Supplies the boughs with life and fruit.
O let a lasting union join
My soul to Christ the living vine.
4. Is he a Sun? his beams are grace,
His course is joy and righteousness:
Nations rejoice when he appears;
To chase the clouds and dry their tears.
5. O let me climb those higher skies
Where storms and darkness never rise:
There he displays his powers abroad,
And shines and reigns the incarnate God.

Watts.

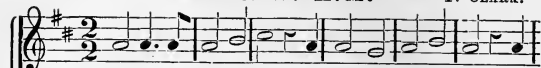
90. EXCELLENCE OF THE GOSPEL. L. M.

1. LET everlasting glories crown
Thy head, my Saviour and my Lord;
Thy hands have brought salvation down,
And writ the blessings in thy word.
2. In vain the trembling conscience seeks
Some solid ground to rest upon;
With long despair the spirit breaks,
Till we apply to Christ alone.
3. How well thy blessed truths agree,
How wise and holy thy commands;
Thy promises, how firm they be;
How firm our hope, our comfort stands.
4. Should all the schemes that men devise,
Assault my faith with treacherous art;
I'd call them vanity and lies,
And bind the gospel to my heart.

Watts.

WARSAW. H. M.

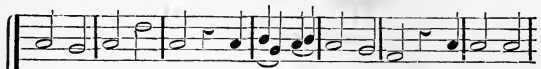
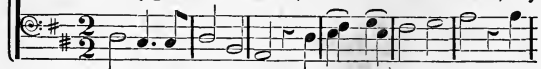
T. CLARK.



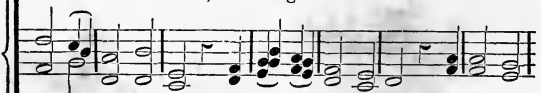
1. Join all the glorious names Of wisdom, love, and power, That



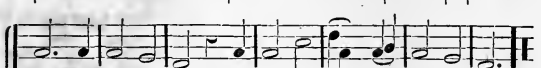
2. Jesus, my great HIGH-PRIEST, Offered his blood and died ; My



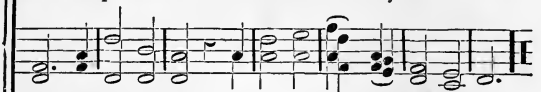
ev - er mortals knew, That angels ever bore: All are too



guilty conscience seeks No sacrifice beside; His powerful



mean to speak his worth—Too mean to set my SAVIOUR forth.



blood did once atone, And now it pleads before the throne.



91. CHARACTERS OF CHRIST. H. M.

3. My ADVOCATE appears
 For my defence on high;
 The Father bows his ears,
 And lays his thunder by.
 Not all that hell or sin can say,
 Shall turn his heart, his love away.
4. My dear Almighty LORD,
 My CONQUEROR and my KING,
 Thy sceptre and thy sword,
 Thy reigning grace I sing.
 Thine is the power; behold, I sit,
 In willing bonds, beneath thy feet. Watts.
-

92. GRATITUDE TO THE SAVIOUR. H. M.

1. COME, every pious heart
 That loves the Saviour's name,
 Your noblest powers exert
 To celebrate his fame;
 Tell all above and all below
 The debt of love to him you owe.
2. He left his starry crown,
 And laid his robes aside;
 On wings of love came down
 And wept, and bled, and died:
 What he endured, O who can tell?
 To save our souls from death and hell.
3. From the dark grave he rose,
 The mansion of the dead,
 And thence his mighty foes
 In glorious triumph led.
 Up through the sky the conqueror rode
 And reigns on high, the Saviour God. Stennett.

LENOX. H. M.

EDSON.

1. Blow ye the trumpet, blow; The gladly solemn sound Let

2. Jesus, our great High-priest, Has full atonement made; Ye

3. Ye slaves of sin and hell, Your liberty receive; And

all the nations know, To earth's remotest bound: The

The year of jubilee is come; The

weary spirits, rest; Ye mourning souls, be glad;

The year of jubilee is come; The

safe in Jesus dwell, And blest in Jesus live;

year of jubilee is come; Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

lee is come, The year of jubilee is come, Return, ye ransomed, etc.

year of jubilee is come; Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

93. JUBILEE. H. M.

4. Exalt the Lamb of God,
 The sin-atonig Lamb;
 Redemption by his blood
 Through all the world proclaim:
 The year of jubilee is come,
 Return, ye ransomed sinners, home!

Toplady.

94. THE BELIEVER'S SURETY. H. M.

1. Arise, my soul, arise,
 Shake off thy guilty fears;
 A bleeding sacrifice
 In thy behalf appears.
 Before the throne my Surety stands,
 My name is written on his hands.
2. Five bleeding wounds he bears,
 Received on Calvary:
 They pour effectual prayers,
 They strongly speak for me;
 Forgive him, O forgive, they cry,
 Nor let that ransomed sinner die!
3. The Father hears him pray,
 His dear anointed One:
 He cannot turn away
 The presence of his Son:
 His Spirit answers to the blood,
 And tells me I am born of God.
4. My God is reconciled,
 His pardoning voice I hear:
 He owns me for his child,
 I can no longer fear;
 With confidence I now draw nigh,
 And "Father, Abba Father," cry. C. Wesley

ORTONVILLE. C.M. T. HASTINGS.

1. How sweet the name of Jesus sounds In a believer's

2. It makes the wounded spirit whole, And calms the troubled

3. By him, my prayers acceptance gain, Altho' with sin de-

ear! It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds, And

breast; 'Tis manna to the hungry soul, And

filed; Satan ac - cus - es me in vain, And

drives away his fear, And drives away his fear.

to the weary, rest, And to the weary, rest.

I am owned a child, And I am owned a child.

95. PRAISE TO JESUS CHRIST. C. M.

4. Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought;
But when I see thee as thou art,
I'll praise thee as I ought.
5. Till then, I would thy love proclaim
With every fleeting breath :
And may the music of thy name
Refresh my soul in death.

Newton.

96. THE KING OF GRACE. C. M.

1. HAIL, mighty Jesus ! how divine
Is thy victorious sword ;
The stoutest rebel must resign,
At thy commanding word.
2. Still gird thy sword upon thy thigh ;
Ride with majestic sway ;
Go forth, great Prince, triumphantly,
And make thy foes obey.
3. And when thy victories are complete,
And all the chosen race
Shall round the throne of mercy meet,
To sing thy conquering grace—
4. Oh may my humble soul be found
Among that favored band ;
And I with them thy praise will sound,
Throughout Immanuel's land.

Wallin.

DOXOLOGY. C. M.

TO Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One God whom we adore,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

ROCKINGHAM. L. M. L. MASON.

1. My dear Re - deem - er and my Lord, I

2. Such was thy truth, and such thy zeal, Such

3. Cold mountains and the midnight air Wit-

read my du - - ty in thy word; But in thy life the

deference to thy Father's will, Such love, and meekness

nessed the fer - vor of thy prayer; The desert thy temp-

law appears Drawn out in liv - ing char - ac - ters.

so di - vine, I would transcribe, and make them mine.

tations knew, Thy conflict and thy victory too.

97. CHRIST OUR EXAMPLE. L. M.

4. Be thou my pattern ; make me bear
More of thy gracious image here :
Then God the Judge shall own my name
Among the followers of the Lamb. Watts.
-

98. NOT ASHAMED OF JESUS. L. M.

1. JESUS, and shall it ever be,
A mortal man ashamed of thee—
Ashamed of thee, whom angels praise,
Whose glories shine through endless days ?
2. Ashamed of Jesus ! sooner far
Let evening blush to own a star :
He sheds the beams of light divine
O'er this benighted soul of mine.
3. Ashamed of Jesus ! that dear Friend
On whom my hopes of heaven depend !
No ; when I blush, be this my shame,
That I no more revere his name.
4. Ashamed of Jesus ! yes, I may,
When I've no guilt to wash away ;
No tear to wipe, no good to crave ;
No fear to quell, no soul to save.
5. Till then—nor is my boasting vain—
Till then I boast a Saviour slain !
And Oh, may this my glory be,
That Christ is not ashamed of me. Gregg.
-

DOXOLOGY. L. M.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow ;
Praise him, all creatures here below ;
Praise him above, ye heavenly host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

DEVOTION. 7's, Double.

1. Je - - sus, lov - - er of my soul,
While the billows near me roll,

D. C. Safe in - - to the ha - - ven guide ;

End.

Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the tempest still is high; Hide me, O my

O receive my soul at last.

D. C.

Saviour hide, Till the storm of life is past ;

D. C.

D. C.

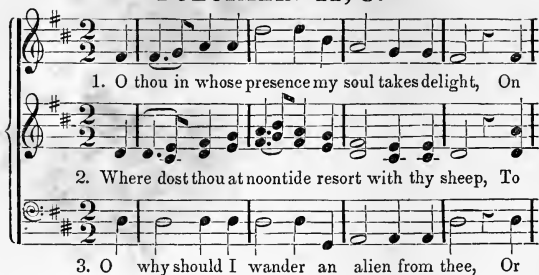
99. CHRIST OUR REFUGE. 7's.

2. Other refuge have I none ;
 Hangs my helpless soul on thee ;
 Leave, ah ! leave me not alone,
 Still support and comfort me.
 All my trust on thee is stayed ;
 All my help from thee I bring ;
 Cover my defenceless head
 With the shadow of thy wing.
3. Thou, O Christ, art all I want :
 More than all in thee I find ;
 Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
 Heal the sick and lead the blind.
 Just and holy is thy name,
 I am all unrighteousness ;
 Vile and full of sin I am,
 Thou art full of truth and grace. Wesley.

100. WRESTLING FOR A BLESSING. 7's.

1. Nay, I cannot let thee go
 Till a blessing thou bestow ;
 Do not turn away thy face,
 Mine's an urgent, pressing case.
 Once a sinner near despair
 Sought thy mercy-seat by prayer :
 Mercy heard and set him free—
 Lord, that mercy came to ME.
2. Many years have passed since then,
 Many changes have I seen,
 Yet have been upheld till now—
 Who could hold me up but thou ?
 Nay, I must maintain my hold ;
 ' Tis thy goodness makes me bold :
 I can no denial take
 When I plead for Jesus' sake. Newton.

DULCIMER. 11, 8.



1. O thou in whose presence my soul takes delight, On

2. Where dost thou at noontide resort with thy sheep, To

3. O why should I wander an alien from thee, Or



whom in affliction I call, My comfort by day and my

feed on the pastures of love? Say, why in the valley of

cry in the desert for bread? Thy foes will rejoice when my



song in the night, My hope, my salvation, my all:

death should I weep, Or alone in the wilderness rove?

sorrows they see, And smile at the tears I have shed.

101. LONGING FOR CHRIST IN DARKNESS. 11, 8.

4. Restore, my dear Saviour, the light of thy face,
Thy soul-cheering favor impart;
And let thy sweet tokens of pardoning grace
Bring joy to my desolate heart. Swain
-

102. CHRIST THE BELOVED. 11, 5

1. YE daughters of Zion, declare, have ye seen
The Star that on Israel shone?
Say if in your tents my Beloved has been,
And where with his flock he has gone.
2. His voice, as the sound of the dulcimer sweet,
Is heard through the shadows of death;
The cedars of Lebanon bow at his feet,
The air is perfumed with his breath.
3. His lips as a fountain of righteousness flow,
To water the gardens of grace;
From which their salvation the Gentiles shall know
And bask in the smiles of his face.
4. He looks, and ten thousands of angels rejoice,
And myriads wait for his word;
He speaks, and eternity, filled with his voice,
Re-echoes the praise of the Lord. Swain.
-

103. JOYFUL PRAISE TO GOD. 11, 8.

1. Be joyful in God, all ye lands of the earth,
Oh serve him with gladness and fear;
Exult in his presence with music and mirth,
With love and devotion draw near.
2. For good is the Lord, inexpressibly good,
And we are the work of his hand;
His mercy and truth from eternity stood,
And shall to eternity stand. Epis. Col

FOUNT. 8, 7. Double.

1. Come, thou Fount of every blessing, Tune my
Streams of mercy never ceasing Call for

d. c. Praise the mount—I'm fixed upon it—Mount of

The first system consists of three staves. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat) and a 3/4 time signature. The middle staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a 3/4 time signature. The bottom staff is in bass clef with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat) and a 3/4 time signature. The music is written in a simple, hymn-like style with eighth and quarter notes.

heart to sing thy grace;
songs of loudest praise: Teach me some me - lo - dious

End.

God's unchanging love.

The second system consists of three staves. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a 3/4 time signature. The middle staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a 3/4 time signature. The bottom staff is in bass clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a 3/4 time signature. The music continues with eighth and quarter notes, ending with a double bar line and the word 'End.' above the middle staff.

son - - - net, Sung by flaming tongues above:

D. C.

D. C.

D. C.

The third system consists of three staves. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a 3/4 time signature. The middle staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a 3/4 time signature. The bottom staff is in bass clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a 3/4 time signature. The music continues with eighth and quarter notes, ending with a double bar line and the word 'D. C.' above the middle staff.

104. GRATEFUL RECOLLECTION. 8, 7.

2. Here I raise my Eben-ezer ;
Hither by thy help I'm come ;
And I hope, by thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.
Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God ;
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed his precious blood.
3. Oh, to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrained to be !
Let that grace now, like a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to thee :
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it—
Prone to leave the God I love ;
Here 's my heart—O take and seal it,
Seal it from thy courts above. Robinson.

105. SUPPLIANT ADDRESS TO THE SAVIOUR. 8, 7

1. JESUS, full of all compassion,
Hear thy humble suppliant's cry ;
Let me know thy great salvation ;
See, I languish, faint, and die.
Guilty, but with heart relenting,
Overwhelmed with helpless grief,
Prostrate at thy feet repenting—
Send, Oh send me quick relief.
2. Whither should a wretch be flying,
But to Him who comfort gives ?
Whither, from the dread of dying,
But to Him who ever lives ?
On the word thy blood hath sealéd,
Hangs my everlasting all ;
Let thine arm be now revealéd,
Stay, Oh stay me, lest I fall. Turner.

CHRISTMAS. C. M.

HANDEL.

1. A - - wake, my soul, stretch every nerve, And

2. A cloud of wit - ness - es around Hold

press with vigor on; A heavenly race demands thy

thee in full survey; Forget the steps al - - ready

zeal, And an immortal crown, And an immortal crown.

trod, And onward urge thy way, And onward urge thy way.

106. THE CHRISTIAN RACE. C. M.

3. 'Tis God's all-animating voice
That calls thee from on high ;
'Tis his own hand presents the prize
To thine aspiring eye.
 4. Blest Saviour, introduced by thee,
Have I my race begun ;
And crowned with victory, at thy feet
I'll lay my honors down. Doddridge.
-

107. EXAMPLE OF CHRIST AND SAINTS. C. M.

1. GIVE me the wings of faith, to rise
Within the veil, and see
The saints above, how great their joys,
How bright their glories be !
2. Once they were mourning here below,
And wet their couch with tears ;
They wrestled hard, as we do now,
With sins, and doubts, and fears.
3. I ask them whence their victory came ?
They, with united breath,
Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb,
Their triumph to his death.
4. They marked the footsteps that he trod,
His zeal inspired their breast,
And, following their incarnate God,
Possessed the promised rest.
5. Our glorious Leader claims our praise
For his own pattern given,
While the long cloud of witnesses
Show the same path to heaven. Watts.

DEDHAM. C. M.

1. Sweet was the time when first I felt The

2. Soon as the morn the light revealed, His

3. In prayer my soul drew near the Lord, And

Saviour's pardoning blood, Applied to cleanse my

praises tuned my tongue; And when the evening

saw his glo - - ry shine; And when I read his

soul from guilt And bring me home to God.

shades prevailed, His love was all my song.

ho - - - ly word, I called each promise mine.

"O THAT I WERE AS IN MONTHS PAST." C M.

4. But now, when evening shade prevails,
My soul in darkness mourns ;
And when the morn the light reveals,
No light to me returns.
5. My prayers are now an empty noise ;
For Jesus hides his face :
I read—the promise meets my eyes,
But will not reach my case.
6. Rise, Lord, now help me to prevail,
And make my soul thy care ;
I know thy mercy cannot fail—
Let me that mercy share.

Newton.

109. THE GIVER OF ALL GOOD. C. M.

1. WHEN all thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.
2. Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ ;
Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
That tastes those gifts with joy.
3. Through every period of my life,
Thy goodness I'll pursue ;
And after death, in distant worlds,
The glorious theme renew.
4. Through all eternity, to thee
A joyful song I'll raise :
But Oh, eternity's too short
To utter all thy praise !

Addison.

ALBION. C. M.

L. MASON.

1. Oh for a heart to praise my God, A

2. O for a heart submissive, meek, My

The first system of music is written on three staves. The top staff is a single melodic line in treble clef, key of D major (one sharp), and 4/4 time. The bottom two staves are a piano accompaniment in treble and bass clefs, also in D major and 4/4 time. The lyrics are placed below the staves, with '1.' and '2.' indicating two different vocal parts.

heart from sin set free; A heart that's sprinkled

great Redeemer's throne; Where on - - ly Christ is

The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are placed below the staves, with a double dash indicating a long note or a pause in the melody.

with the blood So free - - ly shed for me.

heard to speak, Where Je - sus reigns a - lone.

The third system concludes the piece. The lyrics are placed below the staves, with a double dash indicating a long note or a pause in the melody. The system ends with a double bar line.

110. THE SPIRIT OF CHRIST. C. M.

3. Oh for a humble, contrite heart,
Believing, true, and clean;
Which neither life nor death can part
From Him that dwells within.
 4. Thy temper, gracious Lord, impart;
Come quickly from above:
Oh write thy name upon my heart—
Thy name, O God, is LOVE. Wesley's Col.
-

111. GOD RECONCILED IN CHRIST. C. M

1. DEAREST of all the names above,
My Jesus and my God,
Who can resist thy heavenly love,
Or trifle with thy blood?
2. 'Tis by the merits of thy death
The Father smiles again;
'Tis by thine interceding breath
The Spirit dwells with men.
3. Till God in human form I see,
My thoughts no comfort find;
The holy, just, and sacred Three,
Are terror to my mind.
4. But if Immanuel's face appear,
My hope, my joy begins;
His name forbids my slavish fear,
His grace removes my sins.
5. While Jews on their own law rely,
And Greeks of wisdom boast,
I love the incarnate Mystery,
And there I fix my trust.

Watts.

NAOMI. C. M.

L. MASON.

1. Fa - - ther, whate'er of earthly bliss Thy

2. "Give me a calm, a thankful heart, From

3. "Let the sweet hope that I am thine My

The first system of the hymn 'Naomi' in C major, 4/4 time. It consists of three staves. The first staff is the melody, and the second and third staves are a two-part harmony. The lyrics are: 1. Father, whate'er of earthly bliss Thy; 2. "Give me a calm, a thankful heart, From; 3. "Let the sweet hope that I am thine My.

sovereign will denies, Ac - cept - ed at thy

ev - ery murmur free; The blessings of thy

life and death attend; Thy presence through my

The second system of the hymn continues the melody and harmony. The lyrics are: sovereign will denies, Ac - cept - ed at thy; ev - ery murmur free; The blessings of thy; life and death attend; Thy presence through my.

throne of grace Let this pe - - ti - - tion rise:

grace impart, And let me live to thee.

journey shine, And crown my journey's end."

The third system of the hymn concludes the melody and harmony. The lyrics are: throne of grace Let this pe - - ti - - tion rise:; grace impart, And let me live to thee.; journey shine, And crown my journey's end."

113. WALKING WITH GOD. C. M.

1. OH, could I find, from day to day,
A nearness to my God,
Then should my hours glide sweet away
While leaning on his word.
 2. Lord, I desire with thee to live
Anew from day to day,
In joys the world can never give,
Nor ever take away.
 3. Blest Jesus, come, and rule my heart,
And make me wholly thine,
That I may never more depart,
Nor grieve thy love divine. Meth. Col.
-

114. "ABBA! MY FATHER!" C. M.

1. SOVEREIGN of all the worlds on high,
Allow my humble claim;
Nor, when I raise my guilty head,
Disdain a Father's name.
2. My Father, God—how sweet the sound—
How tender, and how dear!
Not all the harmony of heaven
Could so delight the ear.
3. Come, sacred Spirit, seal the name
On my expanding heart;
And show that in Jehovah's grace
I share a filial part.
4. Cheered by a signal so divine,
Unwavering I believe,
And "Abba, Father," humbly cry;
Nor can the sign deceive. Doddridge.

BRATTLESTREET. C. M. PLEYEL.

1. While thee I seek, protecting Power, Be my vain wishes

2. In each event of life, how clear Thy ruling hand I

3. When gladness wings my favor'd hour, Thy love my tho'ts shall

stilled; And may this consecrated hour With better hopes be

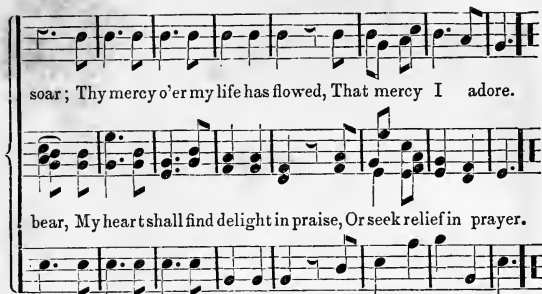
see; Each blessing to my soul most dear, Because conferred by

fill; Resigned, when storms of sorrow lower, My soul shall meet thy

filled. Thy love the power of tho't bestowed, To thee my tho'ts would

thee. In every joy that crowns my days, In every pain I

will. My lifted eye without a tear The gathering storm shall



see; My steadfast heart shall know no fear—
That heart shall rest on thee.

Williams.

116. THE PEACE OF GOD. C. M.

1. UNITE, my roving thoughts, unite
In silence soft and sweet;
And thou, my soul, sit gently down
At thy great Sovereign's feet:
2. Jehovah's awful voice is heard,
Yet gladly I attend,
For lo, the everlasting God
Proclaims himself my friend.
3. Harmonious accents to my soul
The sounds of peace convey;
The tempest at his word subsides,
And winds and seas obey.
4. By all its joys I charge my heart
To grieve his love no more;
But, charmed by melody divine,
To give its follies o'er.

Doddridge.

KENTUCKY. S. M.

1. A charge to keep I have, A

2. To serve the pres - ent age, My

The first system of the hymn consists of two staves. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a time signature of 3/4. The bottom staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The melody is written on the top staff, and the accompaniment is on the bottom staff. The lyrics are written below the staves.

3. Arm me with jeal - ous care, As

God to glo - - ri - - fy; A nev - er dy - - ing

call - ing to ful - fil - O may it all my

The second system of the hymn consists of two staves. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a time signature of 3/4. The bottom staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The melody is written on the top staff, and the accompaniment is on the bottom staff. The lyrics are written below the staves.

in thy sight to live; And O thy ser - vant,

soul to save, And fit it for the sky.

powers engage To do my Master's will.

The third system of the hymn consists of two staves. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a time signature of 3/4. The bottom staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The melody is written on the top staff, and the accompaniment is on the bottom staff. The lyrics are written below the staves.

Lord, pre - pare, A strict account to give.

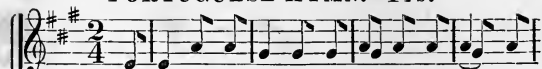
117. RESPONSIBILITY. S. M.

4. Help me to watch and pray
And on thy grace rely,
Assured, if I my trust betray,
I shall for ever die. C. Wesley.
-

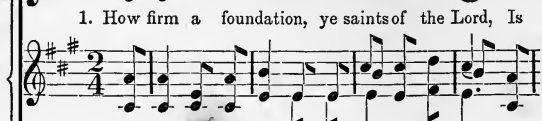
118. HEAVENLY JOY ON EARTH. S. M.

1. COME, we that love the Lord,
And let our joys be known ;
Join in a song of sweet accord,
And thus surround the throne.
2. The sorrows of the mind
Be banished from the place ;
Religion never was designed
To make our pleasures less.
3. Let those refuse to sing
That never knew our God ;
But children of the heavenly King
May speak their joys abroad.
4. The men of grace have found
Glory begun below ;
Celestial fruits, on earthly ground,
From faith and hope may grow.
5. The hill of Zion yields
A thousand sacred sweets,
Before we reach the heavenly fields,
Or walk the golden streets.
6. Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry ;
We 're marching thro' Emmanuel's ground
To fairer worlds on high. Watts.

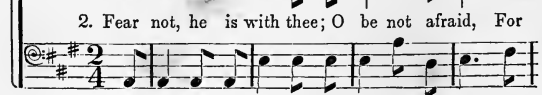

PORTUGUESE HYMN. 11s.



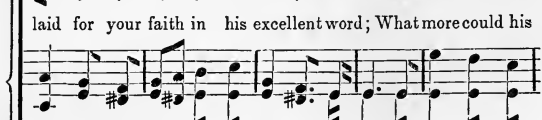
1. How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord, Is



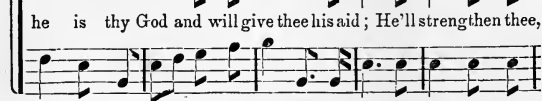
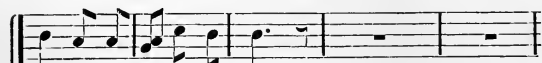
2. Fear not, he is with thee; O be not afraid, For

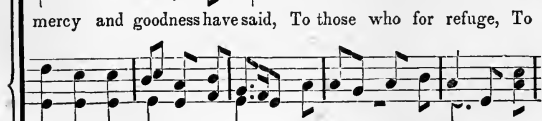
laid for your faith in his excellent word; What more could his



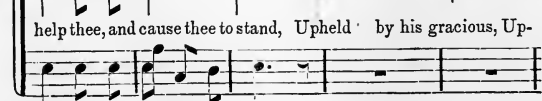
he is thy God and will give thee his aid; He'll strengthen thee,

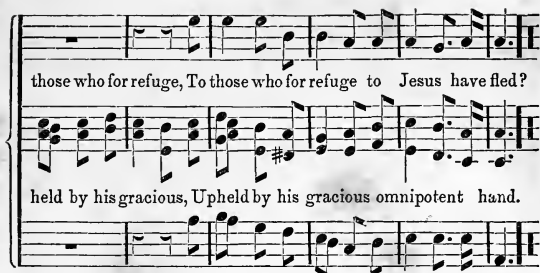



mercy and goodness have said, To those who for refuge, To



help thee, and cause thee to stand, Upheld by his gracious, Up-





119. THE PROMISES. 11s.

3. When through the deep waters he calls thee to go,
The rivers of sorrow shall ne'er overflow ;
His presence shall guide thee, his mercy shall bless,
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.
4. When through fiery trials thy pathway is laid,
His grace all-sufficient will lend thee its aid ;
The flame shall not hurt thee ; he does but design
Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.
5. His people through life shall abundantly prove
His sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love ;
When age with grey hairs shall their temples adorn,
Like lambs they shall still in his bosom be borne.
6. The soul on his bosom that leans for repose,
Is safe from the rage of its bitterest foes :
That soul, though all hell should in vengeance awake,
He 'll never, NO NEVER, NO NEVER forsake. Kirkham.

DOXOLOGY. 11s.

O Father Almighty, to thee be addressed,
With Christ and the Spirit, one God ever blessed,
All glory and worship from earth and from heaven—
As was, and is now, and shall ever be given.

ARLINGTON. C. M.

1. With joy we med - i - tate the grace Of

2. Touched with a sym - pa - thy within, He

3. He, in the days of feeble flesh, Poured

our High-priest a - bove; His heart is made of

knows our fee - ble frame; He knows what sore temp-

out his cries and tears, And in his meas - ure

ten - - der - - ness, His bow - els melt with love.

ta - tions mean, For he has felt the same.

feels a - fresh What ev - ery mem - ber bears.

120. CHRIST A MERCIFUL HIGH-PRIEST.

4. Then let our humble faith address
 His mercy and his power;
 We shall obtain delivering grace
 In each distressing hour.

Watts

121. FOR THE SPIRIT'S INFLUENCE. C. M.

1. IN thy great name, O Lord, we come
 To worship at thy feet;
 O pour thy Holy Spirit down
 On all that now shall meet.
2. We come to hear Jehovah speak,
 To hear the Saviour's voice:
 Thy face and favor, Lord, we seek;
 Now make our hearts rejoice.

Hoskins.

122. PRAYER DIVINELY INSPIRED. C. M.

1. PRAYER is the breath of God in man,
 Returning whence it came;
 Love is the sacred fire within,
 And prayer the rising flame.
2. It gives the burdened spirit ease,
 And soothes the troubled breast,
 Yields comfort to the mourner here,
 And to the weary rest.
3. When God inclines the heart to pray,
 He hath an ear to hear;
 To him there's music in a groan,
 And beauty in a tear.
4. The humble suppliant cannot fail
 To have his wants supplied,
 Since He for sinners intercedes
 Who once for sinners died.

Beddome.

BALERMA. C. M.

1. Oh for a clos - er walk with God; A

2. Where is the bless - ed - ness I knew When

3. What peaceful hours I once enjoyed; How

Detailed description: The first system of music consists of three staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a time signature of 3/4. The middle and bottom staves are also treble clef with the same key signature and time signature. The music is written in a simple, hymn-like style with quarter and eighth notes. The lyrics are written below the staves, with the first line of the first verse starting with '1. Oh for a clos - er walk with God; A'.

calm and heavenly frame; A light to shine up -

first I saw the Lord? Where is the soul - - re -

sweet their mem - ory still; But they have left an

Detailed description: The second system of music continues the melody from the first system. It consists of three staves with the same key signature and time signature. The lyrics continue with 'calm and heavenly frame; A light to shine up -' on the first line, 'first I saw the Lord? Where is the soul - - re -' on the second line, and 'sweet their mem - ory still; But they have left an' on the third line.

on the road That leads me to the Lamb.

fresh - ing view Of Je - sus, and his word?

ach - ing void The world can nev - - er fill.

Detailed description: The third system of music concludes the piece. It consists of three staves with the same key signature and time signature. The lyrics continue with 'on the road That leads me to the Lamb.' on the first line, 'fresh - ing view Of Je - sus, and his word?' on the second line, and 'ach - ing void The world can nev - - er fill.' on the third line. The music ends with a double bar line.

123. WALKING WITH GOD. C. M.

4. Return, O holy Dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest;
I hate the sins that made thee mourn
And drove thee from my breast.
 5. The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from thy throne,
And worship only thee.
 6. So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb. Cowper
-

124. AFFLICTIONS SWEETENED. C. M.

1. When languor and disease invade
This trembling house of clay,
'Tis sweet to look beyond my pains
And long to fly away.
2. Sweet to reflect, how grace divine
My sins on Jesus laid;
Sweet to remember, that his blood
My debt of suffering paid.
3. Sweet on his faithfulness to rest,
Whose love can never end;
Sweet on his covenant of grace
For all things to depend.
4. Sweet, in the confidence of faith,
To trust his firm decrees;
Sweet to lie passive in his hand,
And know no will but his. Toplady.

ZEPHYR. L. M. W. B. BRADBURY.

1. How blest the sacred tie, that binds In sweet com-

2. To each, the soul of each how dear; What tender

3. Nor shall the glowing flame expire, When dimly

mun - ion kin - dred minds; How swift the heavenly

love—what ho - - ly fear; How does the generous

burns frail na - ture's fire; Then shall they meet, in

course they run, Whose hearts, whose faith, whose hopes are one.

flame within Refine from earth and cleanse from sin.

realms above, A heaven of joy — a heaven of love. Barbauld.

126. LONGING FOR GOD. L. M.

1. UP to the fields where angels lie
And living waters gently roll,
Fain would my thoughts leap out and fly,
But sin hangs heavy on my soul.
2. Thy wondrous blood, dear dying Christ,
Can make this world of guilt remove ;
And thou canst bear me where thou fliest,
On thy kind wings, celestial Dove.
3. Oh might I once mount up and see
The glories of th' eternal skies,
What little things these worlds would be,
How despicable to my eyes !
4. Great All in all, eternal King !
Let me but view thy lovely face,
And all my powers shall bow and sing
Thine endless grandeur and thy grace.

Watts

127. PRAY WITHOUT CEASING. L. M.

1. PRAYER was appointed to convey
The blessings God designs to give ;
Long as they live should Christians pray,
For only while they pray, they live.
2. If pains afflict or wrongs oppress,
If cares distract or fears dismay,
If guilt deject, if sin distress,
The remedy's before thee—pray.
3. 'Tis prayer supports the soul that's weak,
Though thought be broken, language lame ;
Pray, if thou canst or canst not speak,
But pray, with faith in Jesus' name. Hart.

WIRTH. C. M.

W. B. B.

1. Ye hum - ble souls approach your God, With

2. All na - ture owns his guardian care; In

3. He gave his Son, his on - ly Son, To

songs of sa - cred praise; For he is good, su - preme - ly

him we live and move; But nobler ben - e - fits de -

ransom reb - el worms; 'Tis here he makes his goodness

good, And kind are all his ways.

clare The won - - - ders of his love.

known, In its di - - - vin - - - est forms.

128. GOODNESS OF GOD. C. M.

4. To this dear refuge, Lord, we come ;
'Tis here our hope relies :
A safe defence, a peaceful home,
When storms of trouble rise.
 5. Thine eye beholds, with kind regard,
The souls who trust in thee ;
Their humble hope thou wilt reward,
With bliss divinely free. Steele.
-

129. LOVE TO CHRIST. C. M.

1. DO not I love thee, O my Lord ?
Behold my heart, and see :
And turn each cursed idol out,
That dares to rival thee.
2. Do not I love thee from my soul ?
Then let me nothing love :
Dead be my heart to every joy,
When Jesus cannot move.
3. Is not thy name melodious still
To mine attentive ear ?
Doth not each pulse with pleasure bound
My Saviour's voice to hear ?
4. Hast thou a lamb in all thy flock,
I would disdain to feed ?
Hast thou a foe, before whose face
I fear thy cause to plead ?
5. Thou know'st I love thee, dearest Lord,
But Oh, I long to soar
Far from the sphere of mortal joys,
And learn to love thee more. Doddridge.

MEAR. C. M.



1. How sad our state by na - ture is; Our



2. But there's a voice of sovereign grace Sounds



3. My soul o - beys th' al - migh - ty call, And



sin, how deep it stains; And Sa - tan binds our



from the sa - cred word; "Ho, ye de - spair - ing



runs to this re - lief; I would be - lieve thy



cap - tive minds, Fast in his slav - ish chains.



sin - ners, come, And trust up - - on the Lord."



prom - ise, Lord; O help my un - - be - - lief.

130. PARDON AND CLEANSING IN CHRIST. C. M.

4. To the dear fountain of thy blood,
 Incarnate God, I fly;
 Here let me wash my spotted soul
 From crimes of deepest dye.
5. A guilty, weak, and helpless worm,
 On thy kind arms I fall:
 Be thou my strength and righteousness,
 My Jesus, and my All. Watts
-

131. GRATEFUL REMEMBRANCE OF CHRIST. C. M.

1. IF human kindness meets return,
 And owns the grateful tie;
 If tender thoughts within us burn,
 To feel a friend is nigh—
2. Oh, shall not warmer accents tell
 The gratitude we owe
 To Him who died, our fears to quell,
 And save from death and woe?
3. While yet in anguish he surveyed
 Those pangs he would not flee,
 What love his latest words displayed—
 “Meet and remember me!”
4. Remember thee!—thy death, thy shame—
 Our sinful hearts to share:
 O memory, leave no other name
 But His recorded there! Noel.
-

DOXOLOGY. C. M.

Let God the Father, and the Son,
 And Spirit be adored,
 Where there are works to make him known,
 Or saints to love the Lord.

PETERBOROUGH. C. M.

1. My drowsy powers, why sleep ye so!

2. The lit - tle ants for one poor grain

3 We, for whose sake all na - - ture stands,

A - wake, my slug - gish soul! Nothing has half thy

La - bor, and tug, and strive; Yet we, who have a

And stars their courses move—We for whose guard the

work to do, Yet nothing's half so dull.

heaven t'ob - - tain, How neg - - li - gent we live.

an - - - gel bands Come fly - - ing from a - - bove.

132. COMPLAINING OF SPIRITUAL SLOTH. C. M.

4. We, for whom God the Son came down,
And labored for our good :
How careless to secure that crown,
He purchased with his blood !
 5. Lord, shall we lie so sluggish still,
And never act our parts !
Come, holy Dove, from th' heavenly hill,
And sit and warm our hearts.
 6. Then shall our active spirits move ;
Upward our souls shall rise :
With hands of faith, and wings of love,
We'll fly, and take the prize. Watts
-

133. RICHNESS OF THE SCRIPTURES. C. M

1. LORD, I have made thy word my choice,
My lasting heritage ;
There shall my noblest powers rejoice,
My warmest thoughts engage.
2. I'll read the histories of thy love,
And keep thy laws in sight ;
While through the promises I rove,
With ever new delight.
3. 'Tis a broad land of wealth unknown,
Where springs of life arise ;
Seeds of immortal bliss are sown,
And hidden glory lies.
4. The best relief that mourners have,
It makes our sorrows blest :
Our fairest hope beyond the grave,
And our eternal rest. Watts.

BOYLSTON. S. M. 1

L. MASON.

1. Je - - sus, who knows full well The

2. He bows his gra - - cious ear— We

3. Though un - - be - - lief sug - - gest, "Why

heart of ev - - ery saint, In - vites us all our
nev - er plead in vain: Then let us wait till
should we lon - ger wait?" He bids us nev - - er

griefs to tell, To pray, and nev - - er faint.
he ap - - pear, And pray, and pray a - - gain.
give him rest, But knock at mer - - cy's gate.

134. IMPORTUNATE PRAYER. S. M.

4. Then let us earnest cry,
And never faint in prayer ;
He sees, he hears, and from on high
Will make our cause his care. Newton.
-

135. MERCY AND COMPASSION OF GOD. S. M.

1. MY soul, repeat his praise,
Whose mercies are so great ;
Whose anger is so slow to rise,
So ready to abate.
2. High as the heavens are raised
Above the ground we tread ;
So far the riches of his grace
Our highest thoughts exceed.
3. His power subdues our sins ;
And his forgiving love,
Far as the east is from the west,
Doth all our guilt remove.
4. The pity of the Lord,
To those that fear his name,
Is such as tender parents feel ;
He knows our feeble frame.
5. He knows we are but dust,
Scattered by every breath ;
His anger, like a rising wind,
Can send us swift to death. Watts.
-

DOXOLOGY. S. M

Ye angels round the throne,
And saints that dwell below,
Worship the Father, praise the Son,
And bless the Spirit too.

DUKE STREET. L. M.

HATTON.

1. No more, my God—I boast no more Of all the

2. Now, for the love I bear his name, What was my
du - - ties I have done; I quit the hopes I

gain, I count my loss; My for - mer pride I
held be - fore, To trust the mer - - its of thy Son.
call my shame, And nail my glo - - ry to his cross.

136. CHRIST AND HIS RIGHTEOUSNESS. L. M.

3. Yes, and I must and will esteem
All things but loss for Jesus' sake ;
Oh, may my soul be found in him,
And of his righteousness partake.
 4. The best obedience of my hands
Dares not appear before thy throne ;
But faith can answer thy demands,
By pleading what my Lord has done. *Watts.*
-

137. RELIGION VAIN WITHOUT LOVE. L. M.

1. HAD I the tongues of Greeks and Jews,
And nobler speech than angels use,
If love be absent, I am found,
Like tinkling brass, an empty sound.
 2. Were I inspired to preach, and tell
All that is done in heaven and hell ;
Or could my faith the world remove,
Still, I am nothing without love.
 3. Should I distribute all my store
To feed the bowels of the poor ;
Or give my body to the flame
To gain a martyr's glorious name ;
 4. If love to God and love to men
Be absent, all my hopes are vain :
Nor tongues, nor gifts, nor fiery zeal
The work of love can e'er fulfil. *Watts.*
-

DOXOLOGY. L. M.

To God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, three in one,
Be honor, praise, and glory given
By all on earth and all in heaven.

MELODY. C. M.

1. How sweet, how heavenly is the sight, When

2. When each can feel his brother's sigh, And

those who love the Lord, In one an - - - oth - - er's

with him bear a part; When sor - - row flows from

peace de - light, And thus ful - - - fil his word.

eye to eye, And joy from heart to heart.

138. CHRISTIAN LOVE. C. M.

3. When, free from envy, scorn, and pride,
Our wishes all above,
Each can his brother's failings hide,
And show a brother's love.
 4. Let love, in one delightful stream,
Through every bosom flow;
And union sweet and dear esteem
In every action glow.
 5. Love is the golden chain, that binds
The happy souls above;
And he's an heir of heaven, who finds
His bosom glow with love. Swain.
-

139. WHAT IS PRAYER? C. M.

1. PRAYER is the soul's sincere desire,
Uttered or unexpressed;
The motion of a hidden fire
That trembles in the breast.
2. Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air:
His watchword at the gates of death;
He enters heaven with prayer.
3. Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice
Returning from his ways;
While angels in their songs rejoice,
And cry, "Behold, he prays."
4. O thou, by whom we come to God,
The life, the truth, the way,
The path of prayer thyself hast trod;
Lord, teach us how to pray. Montgomery.

WARD. L. M. BOST. ACAD. COLL.

1. God is the refuge of his saints When storms of

sharp distress in - vade; Ere we can of - - fer our com-
deep and buried there; Convulsions shake the sol - - id

plaints, Be - hold him pres - ent with his aid.
world; Our faith shall nev - - er yield to fear.

140. SAFETY IN GOD. L. M.

3. There is a stream whose gentle flow
Supplies the city of our God ;
Life, love, and joy still gliding through,
And watering our divine abode.
4. That sacred stream, thy holy word,
Our grief allays, our fear controls ,
Sweet peace thy promises afford,
And give new strength to fainting souls.
5. Zion enjoys her Monarch's love,
Secure against a threat'ning hour ;
Nor can her firm foundations move,
Built on his truth and armed with power.

Watts

141. HOLINESS AND GRACE. L. M.

1. SO let our lips and lives express
The holy gospel we profess ;
So let our works and virtues shine,
To prove the doctrine all divine.
2. Thus shall we best proclaim abroad
The honors of our Saviour God ;
When his salvation reigns within,
And grace subdues the power of sin.
3. Our flesh and sense must be denied,
Passion and envy, lust and pride ;
While justice, temperance, truth, and love
Our inward piety approve.
4. Religion bears our spirits up
While we expect that blessed hope,
The bright appearance of the Lord,
And faith stands leaning on his word. Watts

SUBMISSION. C. M. GEO. KINGSLEY.

2d TREBLE.

1. How sweet to be allowed to pray To

2. We in these sacred words can find A

3. Oh may that will which gave us breath And

God the ho - - ly One; With fil - ial love and

cure for ev - ery ill; They calm and soothe the

an im - mor - tal soul, In joy or grief, in

trust to say, "O God, thy will be done."

troubled mind, And bid all care be still.

life or death, Our ev - - every wish con - trol.

Social Choir.

143. TRUST IN SORROW. C. M.

1. O THOU, whose mercy guides my way,
Though now it seem severe,
Forbid my unbelief to say,
There is no mercy here !
 2. O grant me to desire the pain
That comes in kindness down,
More than the world's supremest gain,
Succeeded by thy frown.
 3. Then though thou lay my spirit low,
Love only will I see ;
The very hand that strikes the blow
Was wounded once for me. Edmeston.
-

144. GOD OUR PORTION. C. M.

1. GOD, my Supporter and my Hope,
My Help for ever near,
Thine arm of mercy held me up,
When sinking in despair.
2. Thy counsels, Lord, shall guide my feet
Through this dark wilderness ;
Thy hand conduct me near thy seat,
To dwell before thy face.
3. Were I in heaven without my God,
'Twould be no joy to me ;
And while this earth is my abode,
I long for none but thee.
4. What if the springs of life were broke,
And flesh and heart should faint ?
God is my soul's eternal Rock,
The strength of every saint. Watts.

LISBON. S. M. Arr'd by L. MASON.

1. Now let our voi - - ces join To

2. There flowers of par - - a - - dise In

3. There Sa - - lem's gold - - en spires In

form a sa - - cred song; Ye pil - grims in Je-

rich pro - - fu - - sion spring; The Sun of glo - - ry

beauteous pros - - pect rise; And brighter crowns than

ho - - vah's ways, With mu - sic pass a - - long.

gilds the path, And dear com - - pan - ions sing.

mor - tals wear, Which sparkle through the skies.

145. THE BRIGHT PATH TO HEAVEN. S. M.

4. All honor to His name
Who marks the shining way;
To Him who leads the wanderers on
To realms of endless day. Doddridge
-

146. SALVATION BY GRACE. S. M.

1. GRACE! 'tis a charming sound,
Harmonious to the ear;
Heaven with the echo shall resound,
And all the earth shall hear.
2. Grace first contrived the way
To save rebellious man;
And all the steps that grace display
Which drew the wondrous plan.
3. Grace led my roving feet
To tread the heavenly road
And new supplies each hour I meet
While pressing on to God.
4. Grace all the work shall crown,
Through everlasting days;
It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
And well deserves the praise. Doddridge
-

147. PARTING. S. M.

1. ONCE more, before we part,
Oh bless the Saviour's name,
Let every tongue and every heart
Adore and praise the same.
2. Still on thy holy word
We'll live, and feed, and grow;
And still go on to know the Lord,
And practise what we know. Hawker's Col

LABAN. S. M.

L. MASON.

1. My soul, be on thy guard, Ten

2. Oh watch, and fight, and pray; The

3. Ne'er think the vic - - tory won, Nor

thousand foes a - - rise; The hosts of sin are

bat - tle ne'er give o'er; Re - - new it bold - - ly

lay thine ar - mor down; Thy ar - - duous work will

press - ing hard To draw thee from the skies.

ev - - ery day, And help di - - vine im - - plorc.

not be done Till thou ob - - tain thy crown.

148. WATCHFULNESS AND PRAYER. S. M.

4. Fight on, my soul, till death
 Shall bring thee to thy God ;
 He'll take thee, at thy parting breath,
 Up to his blest abode. Heath
-

149. SONG OF MOSES AND THE LAMB. S. M.

1. AWAKE, and sing the song
 Of Moses and the Lamb ;
 Wake, every heart and every tongue,
 To praise the Saviour's name.
2. Sing of his dying love,
 Sing of his rising power,
 Sing how he intercedes above
 For those whose sins he bore.
3. Sing till we feel our heart
 Ascending with our tongue ;
 Sing till the love of sin depart,
 And grace inspire our song.
4. Sing on your heavenly way,
 Ye ransomed sinners, sing ;
 Sing on, rejoicing every day
 In Christ, th' eternal King.
5. Soon shall we hear him say,
 "Ye blessed children, come ;"
 Soon will he call us hence away,
 And take his wanderers home.
6. Soon shall our raptured tongue
 His endless praise proclaim,
 And sweeter voices tune the song
 "Of Moses and the Lamb." Hammond.

SILVER STREET. S. M. I. SMITH.

1. Give to the winds thy fears, Hope and be

2. Thro' waves, thro' clouds and storms He gent - ly

The first system of the hymn features three staves. The top staff is a single melodic line in treble clef, 2/2 time. The middle and bottom staves are a piano accompaniment in treble and bass clefs, respectively, also in 2/2 time. The lyrics are placed below the staves, with the first line of the verse on the top staff and the second line on the middle staff.

un - - - dis - mayed; God hears thy sighs and

clears thy way; Wait thou his time— so

The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are placed below the staves, with the first line of the verse on the top staff and the second line on the middle staff.

counts thy tears, God shall lift up thy head.

shall thy night Soon end in joy - - ous day.

The third system concludes the hymn. The lyrics are placed below the staves, with the first line of the verse on the top staff and the second line on the middle staff. The system ends with a double bar line.

150. THE CHRISTIAN ENCOURAGED. S. M.

3. He everywhere hath sway
And all things serve his might;
His every act pure blessing is,
His path unsullied light.
 4. Leave to his sovereign sway
To choose and to command;
With wonder filled, then shalt thou own
How wise, how strong his hand.
 5. Thou comprehend'st him not:
Yet earth and heaven tell—
God sits as sovereign on the throne
And doeth all things well. Moravian.
-

151. HOLY LOVE. S. M.

1. LOVE is the strongest tie
That can our souls unite;
Love makes our service liberty,
Our every burden light.
2. We run in God's commands
When love directs the way;
With willing hearts and active hands
Our Master's will obey.
3. Love softens all our toil,
And makes our bondage blest;
The gloomy desert wears a smile,
When love inspires the breast.
4. When we ascend the skies
And see the Saviour's face,
Love will to full perfection rise,
And reign through all the place.

Hymns of Zion.

SICILIAN HYMN. 8, 7.

1. Sweet the mo - ments, rich in bless - ing,

2. Love and grief my heart di - - vid - - ing.

3. Tru - - ly bless - - ed is the sta - - tion,

Which before the cross I spend; Life, and health, and

With my tears his feet I'll bathe; Constant still in

Low be - fore his cross to lie; While I see di-

peace pos - sess - ing, From the sin - ner's dy - ing Friend.

faith a - - bid - ing, Life de - - riv - ing from his death.

vine com - pas - sion Beaming in his gracious eye.

152. SITTING AT THE CROSS. 8, 7.

4. Here I'll sit, for ever viewing
 Mercy streaming in his blood—
 Precious drops, my soul bedewing,
 Plead, and claim my peace with God.

Robinson.

153. CHRIST THE BEST FRIEND. 8, 7.

1. ONE there is, above all others,
 Well deserves the name of Friend;
 His is love beyond a brother's,
 Costly, free, and knows no end!
2. Which of all our friends, to save us,
 Could, or would, have shed his blood?
 But our Jesus died to have us
 Reconciled, in him, to God.
3. When he lived on earth abased,
 Friend of sinners was his name;
 Now, above all glory raised,
 He rejoices in the same.
4. O for grace our hearts to soften!
 Teach us, Lord, at length to love,
 We, alas, forget too often
 What a Friend we have above. Newton

154. "WHY WEEPEST THOU?" 8, 7.

1. CEASE, ye mourners, cease to languish
 O'er the grave of those you love;
 Pain, and death, and night, and anguish,
 Enter not the world above.
2. While our silent steps are straying,
 Lonely, through night's deepening shade,
 Glory's brightest beams are playing
 Round th' immortal spirit's head. Collyer

ST. ANN'S. C. M.

DR. CROFT.

1. When I can read my ti - - tle clear To

2. Should earth a - gainst my soul engage, And

man - sions in the skies, I bid fare - well to

hell - ish darts be hurled; Then I can smile at

ev - - ery fear, And wipe my weep - ing eyes.

Sa - - tan's rage, And face a frown - ing world.

155. HOPE OF HEAVEN OUR SUPPORT ON EARTH. C. M.

3. Let cares like a wild deluge come,
And storms of sorrow fall ;
May I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heaven, my all :
4. There shall I bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest ;
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.

Watts.

156. GOD'S PRESENCE IS LIGHT IN DARKNESS. C. M.

1. MY God, the spring of all my joys,
The life of my delights,
The glory of my brightest days,
And comfort of my nights :
2. In darkest shades, if he appear,
My dawning is begun ;
He is my soul's sweet morning star,
And he my rising sun.
3. The opening heavens around me shine
With beams of sacred bliss,
While Jesus shows his heart is mine,
And whispers I am his.
4. My soul would leave this heavy clay,
At that transporting word ;
Run up with joy the shining way,
T' embrace my dearest Lord.
5. Fearless of hell and ghastly death,
I'd break through every foe ;
The wings of love, and arms of faith,
Shall bear me conqueror through.

Watts.

MERIBAH. C. P. M.

L. MASON.

1. When thou my righteous Judge shalt come To

2. I love to meet thy peo - ple now, Be-

The first system of musical notation for the song 'MERIBAH'. It consists of three staves. The top staff is a single melodic line in treble clef. The middle and bottom staves are a piano accompaniment in treble and bass clefs. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 3/2. The lyrics are written below the staves, with the first line starting at the beginning of the first staff and the second line starting at the beginning of the second staff.

take thy ransom'd people home, Shall I among them stand?

fore thy feet with them to bow, Though vilest of them all;

The second system of musical notation. It continues the melody and accompaniment from the first system. The lyrics continue on two lines, with the first line starting at the beginning of the first staff and the second line starting at the beginning of the second staff.

Shall such a worthless worm as I,
Whosometimes am afraid to die, Be found at thy right hand?

But—can I bear the piercing thought?—
What if my name should be left out, When thou for them shalt call!

The third system of musical notation. It continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are written on two lines, with the first line starting at the beginning of the first staff and the second line starting at the beginning of the second staff. The system ends with a double bar line.

157. JUDGMENT ANTICIPATED. C. P. M.

3. O Lord, prevent it by thy grace—
 Be thou my only hiding-place,
 In this th' accepted day;
 Thy pardoning voice O let me hear,
 To still my unbelieving fear,
 Nor let me fall, I pray. Ovington's Col.
-

158. EXCELLENCE OF CHRIST. C. P. M.

1. O COULD I speak the matchless worth,
 O could I sound the glories forth,
 Which in my Saviour shine;
 I'd soar and touch the heavenly strings,
 And vie with Gabriel while he sings,
 In notes almost divine.
2. I'd sing the precious blood he spilt,
 My ransom from the dreadful guilt
 Of sin and wrath divine:
 I'd sing his glorious righteousness,
 In which all-perfect, heavenly dress
 My soul shall ever shine.
3. I'd sing the characters he bears,
 And all the forms of love he wears,
 Exalted on his throne;
 In loftiest songs of sweetest praise,
 I would, to everlasting days,
 Make all his glories known.
4. Soon the delightful morn will come
 When my dear Lord will bring me home,
 And I shall see his face:
 Then with my Saviour, Brother, Friend,
 A blest eternity I'll spend,
 Triumphant in his grace. Medley.

ST. THOMAS. S. M.

2d TREBLE.

1. I love thy king - - dom, Lord, The

2. I love thy church, O God; Her

3. If e'er to bless her sons My

house of thine a - - bode, The church our

walls be - - fore thee stand, Dear as the

voice or hands de - - ny, These hands let

blest Redeemer saved With his own precious blood.

ap - - ple of thine eye, And gra - ven on thy hand.

use - ful skill forsake, This voice in silence die.

159. LOVE TO THE CHURCH. S. M.

4. If e'er my heart forget
Her welfare or her woe,
Let every joy this heart forsake,
And every grief o'erflow.
5. For her my tears shall fall,
For her my prayers ascend;
To her my cares and toils be given,
Till toils and cares shall end.
6. Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heavenly ways,
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.
7. Jesus, thou Friend divine,
Our Saviour and our King,
Thy hand from every snare and foe
Shall great deliverance bring.
8. Sure as thy truth shall last,
To Zion shall be given
The brightest glories earth can yield,
And brighter bliss of heaven. Dwight.

160. "PSALM 117." S. M.

1. THY name, almighty Lord,
Shall sound through distant lands;
Great is thy grace, and sure thy word;
Thy truth for ever stands.
2. Far be thine honor spread,
And long thy praise endure,
Till morning light and evening shade
Shall be exchanged no more. Watts

EASTBROOK. L. M. MENDELSSOHN COLL

1. Arm of the Lord, a - wake, a - wake! Put

2. Say to the hea - then from thy throne, "I

3. No more let hu - man blood be spilt—Vain

on thy strength, the na-tions shake; And let the world, a-

am Je - ho - vah—God a - lone;" Thy voice their i - dols

sac - ri - fice for hu - man guilt; But to each con-science

dor - ing, see Tri - umphs of mer - cy wrought by thee.

shall con - found, And cast their al - tars to the ground.

be ap - plied The blood that flow'd from Je - sus' side.

161. PRAYER FOR ZION'S INCREASE. L. M.

4. Let Zion's time of favor come ;
O bring the tribes of Israel home,
And let our wondering eyes behold
Gentiles and Jews in Christ's one fold.
5. Almighty God, thy grace proclaim
In every land of every name ;
Let adverse powers before thee fall,
And crown the Saviour, LORD OF ALL.

Burder's Col

162. PRAYER FOR THE WORLD. L. M.

1. LOOK down, O God, with pitying eye,
And view the desolations round ;
See what wide realms in darkness lie,
What scenes of woe and crime abound !
2. Loud let the gospel trumpet blow,
And call the nations from afar ;
Let all the isles their Saviour know,
And earth's remotest ends draw near.

Doddridge.

163. SPREAD OF THE GOSPEL. L. M.

1. SOVEREIGN of worlds, display thy power ;
Be this thy Zion's favored hour :
Bid the bright morning star arise,
And point the nations to the skies.
2. Set up thy throne where Satan reigns—
On Afric's shore, on India's plains,
On heathen wilds, on lands unknown ;
And take the nations for thy own.
3. Speak, and the world shall hear thy voice,
Speak, and the desert shall rejoice ;
Scatter the gloom of heathen night,
And bid all nations hail the light. Pratt's Col

AZMON. C. M. Arr'd by L. MASON.

1. O Lord, our lan - guid souls in - spire, For

2. Show us some to - - ken of thy love, Our

3. The feel - ing heart, the melting eye, The

here we trust thou art; Send down a coal of

fainting hope to raise; And pour thy bless - ing

humble mind be - stow; And shine up - - on us

heavenly fire, To warm each wait - ing heart.

from a - - bove, That we may ren - - der praise.

from on high, To make our gra - - ces grow.

164. SOCIAL WORSHIP. C. M.

4. May we in faith receive thy word,
In faith present our prayers ;
And in the presence of our Lord,
Unbosom all our cares.
5. And may the gospel's joyful sound,
Enforced by mighty grace,
Awaken many sinners round
To come and fill the place. Newton.
-

165. ZION'S KING IS FAITHFUL. C. M.

1. LET Zion and her sons rejoice—
Behold the promised hour !
Her God hath heard her mourning voice,
And comes to exalt his power.
2. Her dust and ruins that remain
Are precious in our eyes :
Those ruins shall be built again,
And all that dust shall rise.
3. The Lord will raise Jerusalem,
And stand in glory there :
Nations shall bow before his name,
And kings attend with fear.
4. He frees the souls condemned to death ;
Nor, when his saints complain,
Shall it be said that praying breath
Was ever spent in vain.
5. This shall be known when we are dead,
And left on long record,
That ages yet unborn may read,
And trust and praise the Lord. Watts.

ZION. 8, 7, 4.

T. HASTINGS.

1. O'er the gloomy hills of darkness, Cheer'd by
Sun of righteousness, a - ris - ing, Bring the

2. Kingdoms wide, that sit in darkness, Grant them,
And from eastern coast to western May the

no ce - lestial ray,
bright, the glorious day; Send the gospel To the earth's remotest

Lord, the glorious light;
morning chase the night; And redemption Freely purchas'd win the

bound, Send the gospel to the earth's re - motest bound.

day, And redemption Freely purchas'd win the day.

166. SUCCESS OF THE GOSPEL. 8, 7, 4.

3. Fly abroad, thou mighty gospel ;
Win and conquer—never cease !
May thy lasting, wide dominions
Multiply, and still increase :
Sway thy sceptre,
Saviour, all the world around ! Williams.
-

167. THE GOSPEL VICTORIOUS. 8, 7, 4.

1. ON the mountain's top appearing,
Lo, the sacred herald stands !
Joyful news to Zion bearing,
Zion long in hostile lands.
Mourning captive,
God himself will loose thy bands.
2. Has thy night been long and mournful ?
Have thy friends unfaithful proved ?
Have thy foes been proud and scornful,
By thy sighs and tears unmoved ?
Cease thy mourning ;
Zion still is well beloved.
3. God, thy God, will soon restore thee ;
He himself appears thy friend :
All thy foes shall flee before thee,
Here their boasts and triumphs end :
Great deliverance
Zion's King will surely send.
4. Peace and jôy shall now attend thee,
All thy warfare now be past ;
God thy Saviour will defend thee,
Victory is thine at last :
All thy conflicts
End in everlasting rest. Kelly.

NORTHFIELD. C. M.

1. Behold, the mountain of the Lord In latter days shall

This system contains the first three staves of the hymn. The top staff is a single melodic line in G major (one flat) and 4/4 time. The middle and bottom staves are a piano accompaniment in the same key and time, featuring a steady eighth-note bass line and a more active treble line.

rise A-

Above the mountains and the hills, And
Above the mountains

This system contains the next three staves. The vocal line continues with a long note on 'rise' followed by a half rest and then a note on 'A-'. The piano accompaniment continues with the same rhythmic pattern.

Above the mountains and the hills, Above the mountains

bove the mountains and the hills, And draw the wond'ring eyes.

draw the wond'ring eyes,
and the hills, And draw the wond'ring eyes.

This system contains the final three staves. The vocal line has a long note on 'bove' followed by a half rest and then a note on 'draw'. The piano accompaniment continues with the same rhythmic pattern.

and the hills, And draw the wond'ring eyes.

168. THE MOUNTAIN OF THE LORD. C. M.

2. To this the joyful nations round,
All tribes and tongues, shall flow;
"Up to the hill of God," they say,
"And to his courts we'll go."
 3. The beams that shine on Zion's hill
Shall lighten every land;
The King who reigns in Zion's towers
Shall all the world command. Logan
-

169. KINGDOM OF CHRIST. C. M.

1. LO, what a glorious sight appears
To our believing eyes;
The earth and seas are passed away,
And the old, rolling skies.
2. From the third heaven, where God resides,
That holy, happy place,
The new Jerusalem comes down,
Adorned with shining grace.
3. Attending angels shout for joy,
And the bright armies sing,
"Mortals, behold the sacred seat
Of your descending King.
4. "His own soft hand shall wipe the tears
From every weeping eye;
And pains, and groans, and griefs, and fears,
And death itself shall die."
5. How long, dear Saviour, O how long
Shall this bright hour delay?
Fly swifter round, ye wheels of time,
And bring the welcome day. Watts.

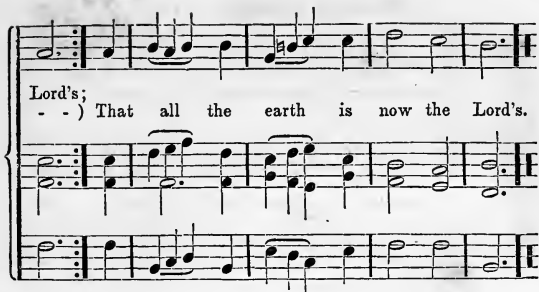
CREATION. L. M.

HAYDN.

1. Soon may the last glad song a - - rise, Through

all the millions of the skies; That song of
That song of

triumph which records That all the earth is now the
triumph which records (omit - - - -)



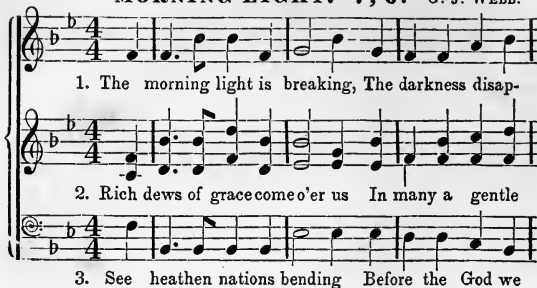
170. THY KINGDOM COME. L. M.

2. Oh let that glorious anthem swell ;
Let host to host the triumph tell—
That not one rebel heart remains,
But over all the Saviour reigns ! Pratt's Col.

171. JESUS SHALL REIGN. L. M.

1. JESUS shall reign where'er the sun
Doth his successive journeys run ;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.
2. For him shall endless prayer be made,
And praises throng to crown his head ;
His name like sweet perfume shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.
3. Where he displays his healing power,
Death and the curse are known no more ;
In him the tribes of Adam boast
More blessings than their father lost.
4. Let every creature rise and bring
Peculiar honors to our King ;
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the loud Amen. Watts.

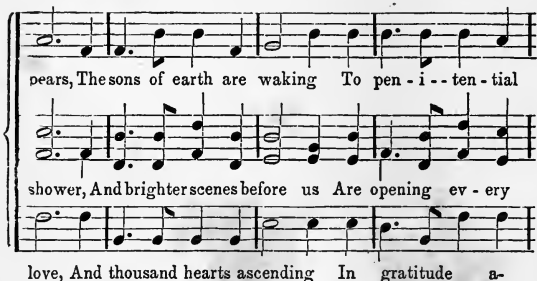
MORNING LIGHT. 7, 6. G. J. WEBB.



1. The morning light is breaking, The darkness disap-

2. Rich dews of grace come o'er us In many a gentle

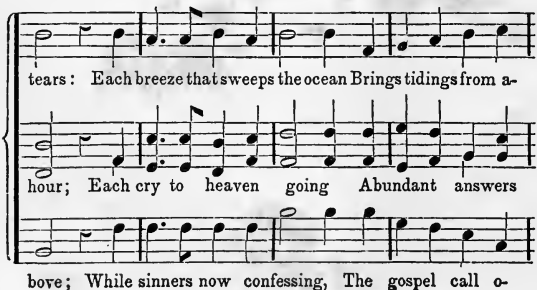
3. See heathen nations bending Before the God we



pears, The sons of earth are waking To pen-i-ten-tial

shower, And brighter scenes before us Are opening ev-ery

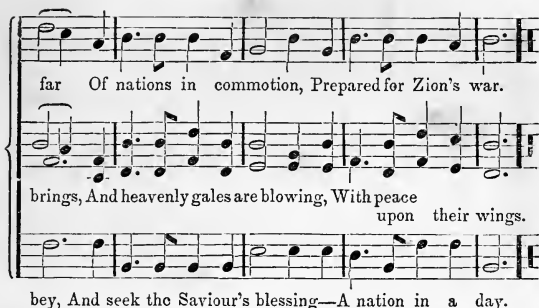
love, And thousand hearts ascending In gratitude a-



tears: Each breeze that sweeps the ocean Brings tidings from a-

hour; Each cry to heaven going Abundant answers

bove; While sinners now confessing, The gospel call o-



far Of nations in commotion, Prepared for Zion's war.

brings, And heavenly gales are blowing, With peace
upon their wings.

bey, And seek the Saviour's blessing—A nation in a day.

172. "THE MORNING COMETH." 7, 6

4. Blest river of salvation,
Pursue thy onward way,
Flow thou to every nation,
Nor in thy richness stay;
Stay not, till all the lowly
Triumphant reach their home;
Stay not, till all the holy
Proclaim, "The Lord has come."

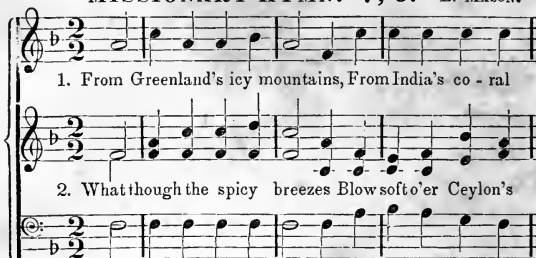
S. F. Smith.

173. THE GOSPEL BANNER. 7, 6.

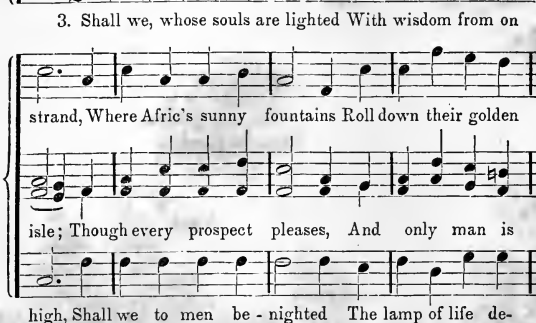
- NOW be the gospel banner
In every land unfurled;
And be the shout, HOSANNA,
Re-echoed through the world:
Till every isle and nation,
Till every tribe and tongue,
Receive the great salvation
And join the happy throng.

Hastings.

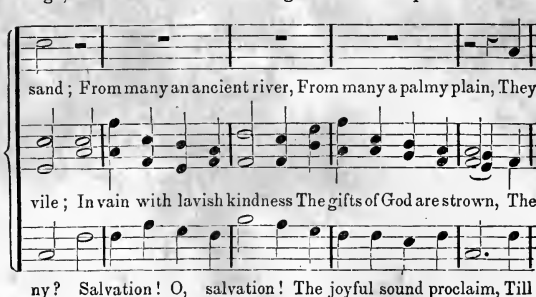
MISSIONARY HYMN. 7, 6. L. MASON.



1. From Greenland's icy mountains, From India's co - ral



2. What though the spicy breezes Blow soft o'er Ceylon's
strand, Where Afric's sunny fountains Roll down their golden



isle; Though every prospect pleases, And only man is
high, Shall we to men be - nighted The lamp of life de-
sand; From many an ancient river, From many a palmy plain, They
vile; In vain with lavish kindness The gifts of God are strown, The
ny? Salvation! O, salvation! The joyful sound proclaim, Till

call us to de-liv-er Their land from error's chain.

heathen in his blindness Bowsdown to wood and stone.

earth's re-motest nation Has learned Messiah's name.

174. MISSIONARY HYMN. 7, 6.

4. Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,
 And you, ye waters, roll,
 Till, like a sea of glory,
 It spreads from pole to pole ;
 Till o'er our ransomed nature
 The Lamb, for sinners slain,
 Redeemer, King, Creator,
 In bliss returns to reign.

Heber.

DOXOLOGY. 7, 6.

To thee be praise for ever,
 Thou glorious King of kings ;
 Thy wondrous love and favor
 Each ransomed spirit sings :
 We'll celebrate thy glory
 With all thy saints above,
 And shout the joyful story
 Of thy redeeming love.

ELTHAM. 7s.

L. MASON.

1. Hasten, Lord, the glorious time, When, be-
Every na - tion, ev - ery clime, Shall the

D. C. Satan and his host o'erthrown, Bound in

neath Messiah's sway,
Saviour's voice o - bey: Mightiest kings his power shall

chain shall hurt no more.

own, Heathen tribes his name a - - dore;

175. KINGDOM OF CHRIST. 7s.

2. Then shall wars and tumults cease,
 Then be banished grief and pain;
 Righteousness and joy and peace
 Undisturbed shall ever reign.
 Bless we, then, our gracious Lord,
 Ever praise his glorious name;
 All his mighty acts record,
 All his wondrous love proclaim. Spirit of Ps

176. JUBILEE OF THE WORLD. 7s.

1. HARK! the song of jubilee!
 Loud as mighty thunders roar,
 Or the fulness of the sea
 When it breaks upon the shore:
 Hallelujah! for the Lord
 God omnipotent shall reign;
 Hallelujah! let the word
 Echo round the earth and main.
2. Hallelujah! hark! the sound,
 From the depth unto the skies,
 Wakes—above, beneath, around—
 All creation's harmonies!
 See Jehovah's banner furled,
 Sheathed his sword: he speaks: 'tis done;
 And the kingdoms of this world
 Are the kingdom of his Son.
3. He shall reign from pole to pole
 With illimitable sway:
 He shall reign, when, like a scroll,
 Yonder heavens have passed away.
 Then the end: beneath his rod
 Man's last enemy shall fall;
 Hallelujah! Christ in God,
 God in Christ, is all in all. Montgomery.

HOLLEY. 7s.

GEO. HEWS.

1. Soft - - - ly now the light of day

2. Soon for me the light of day

Fades up - on my sight a - way; Free from care, from

Shall for ev - - er pass a - way; Then, from sin and

la - - - bor free, Lord, I would converse with thee.

sor - - row free, Take me, Lord, to dwell with thee.

178. MORNING PRAYER. 7s.

1. NOW the shades of night are gone,
Now the morning light is come;
Lord, we would be thine to-day,
Drive the shades of sin away.
2. Fill our souls with heavenly light,
Banish doubt and clear our sight:
In thy service, Lord, to-day
Help us labor, help us pray.
3. Keep our wayward passions bound,
Save us from our foes around;
Going out and coming in
Keep us safe from every sin.
4. When our work of life is past,
O receive us all at last;
Sin's dark night shall be no more
When we reach the heavenly shore.

Hart. Col

179. IN AFFLICTION. 7s.

1. 'TIS my happiness below,
Not to live without the cross,
But the Saviour's power to know
Sanctifying every loss.
2. Trials must and will befall;
But with humble faith to see
Love inscribed upon them all,
This is happiness to me.
3. Trials make the promise sweet;
Trials give new life to prayer;
Trials bring me to his feet,
Lay me low, and keep me there. Cowper.

GENEVA. 7, 6.

L. MASON.

1. Time is winging us a - way To our e - ter - nal
Life is but a winter's day, A journey to the

home:
tomb. Youth and vigor soon will flee, Blooming beauty lose its

charms; All that's mortal soon will be Enclos'd in death's cold arms.

180. LIFE A WINTER'S DAY. 7, 6.

2. Time is winging us away
 To our eternal home :
 Life is but a winter's day,
 A journey to the tomb :
 But the Christian shall enjoy
 Health and beauty soon above,
 Far beyond the world's alloy,
 Secure in Jesus' love.

Barton.

181. THE PILGRIM'S SONG. 7, 6.

1. RISE, my soul, and stretch thy wings,
 Thy better portion trace ;
 Rise from transitory things
 Toward heaven, thy native place :
 Sun, and moon, and stars decay,
 Time shall soon this earth remove ;
 Rise, my soul, and haste away
 To seats prepared above.
2. Rivers to the ocean run,
 Nor stay in all their course ;
 Fire, ascending, seeks the sun—
 Both speed them to their source :
 So a soul that's born of God
 Pants to view his glorious face ;
 Upward tends to his abode,
 To rest in his embrace.
3. Cease, ye pilgrims, cease to mourn,
 Press onward to the prize ;
 Soon your Saviour will return,
 Triumphant in the skies :
 Yet a season, and you know
 Happy entrance will be given ;
 All your sorrows left below,
 And earth exchanged for heaven. Madan's Col.

VESPER. S. M.

1. The day is past and gone, The

2. We lay our gar - ments by, Up-

3. Lord, keep us safe this night, Se-

The first system of the hymn features three staves. The top staff is a single treble clef in D major (two sharps) and 4/4 time. The bottom two staves are a grand staff (treble and bass clefs) in the same key and time. The lyrics are written below the staves, with the first line of each verse aligned with the first staff.

eve - ning shades ap - pear; Oh, may we all re-

on our beds to rest; So death will soon dis-

cure from all our fears; May an - gels guard us

The second system continues the hymn with three staves. The lyrics are written below the staves, with the first line of each verse aligned with the first staff.

mem - ber well The night of death draws near.

robe us all Of what is here possessed.

while we sleep, Till morn - ing light ap - pears.

The third system concludes the hymn with three staves. The lyrics are written below the staves, with the first line of each verse aligned with the first staff. The system ends with a double bar line.

182. ON GOING TO REST. S. M.

4. And when we early rise
And view th' unwearied sun,
May we set out to win the prize,
And after glory run.
 5. And when our days are past
And we from time remove,
Oh may we in thy bosom rest,
The bosom of thy love.
-

183. UNCERTAINTY OF LIFE. S. M.

1. TO-MORROW, Lord, is thine,
Lodged in thy sovereign hand :
And if its sun arise and shine,
It shines at thy command.
2. The present moment flies,
And bears our life away,
Oh make thy servants truly wise,
That they may live to-day.
3. Since on this winged hour
Eternity is hung,
Waken, by thine almighty power,
The aged and the young.
4. One thing demands our care,
Oh be it still pursued !
Lest, slighted once, the season fair
Should never be renewed.
5. To Jesus may we fly,
Swift as the morning light ;
Lest life's young golden beam should die,
In sudden, endless night. Doddridge.

HEBRON. L. M.

L. MASON.

1. Thus far the Lord hath led me on, Thus

2. Much of my time has run to waste, And
far his pow'r prolongs my days; And ev - ery evening

I perhaps am near my home; But he forgives my
shall make known Some fresh me - mo - rial of his grace.
fol - lies past, He gives me strength for days to come.

184. AN EVENING SONG. L. M.

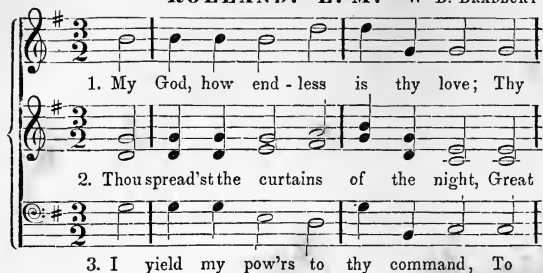
3. I lay my body down to sleep ;
Peace is the pillow for my head ;
While well-appointed angels keep
Their watchful stations round my bed.
 4. Faith in his name forbids my fear ;
O may thy presence ne'er depart,
And in the morning make me hear
The love and kindness of thy heart.
 5. Thus when the night of death shall come,
My flesh shall rest beneath the ground,
And wait thy voice to rouse my tomb,
With sweet salvation in the sound. Watts.
-

185. THIS IS NOT OUR REST. L. M.

1. HOW vain is all beneath the skies ;
How transient every earthly bliss ;
How slender all the fondest ties
That bind us to a world like this !
2. The evening cloud, the morning dew,
The withering grass, the fading flower,
Of earthly hopes are emblems true—
The glory of a passing hour !
3. But, though earth's fairest blossoms die,
And all beneath the skies is vain,
There is a land, whose confines lie
Beyond the reach of care and pain.
4. Then let the hope of joys to come
Dispel our cares, and chase our fears :
If God be ours, we're travelling home,
Though passing through a vale of tears.

Pratt's Col

ROLLAND. L. M. W B. BRADBURY



1. My God, how end - less is thy love; Thy

2. Thou spread'st the curtains of the night, Great

3. I yield my pow'rs to thy command, To

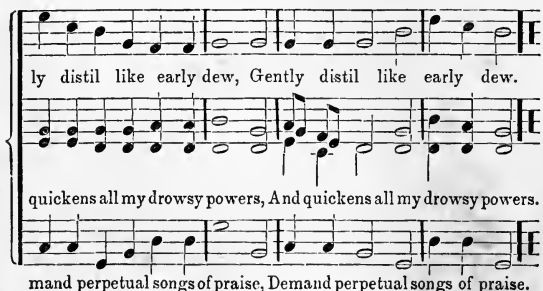


gifts are ev'ry evening new; And morning mercies from above Gent-

Guardian of my sleeping hours;

Thy sov'reign word restores the light, And

thee I consecrate my days; Perpetual blessings from thy hand De-



ly distil like early dew, Gently distil like early dew.

quickens all my drowsy powers, And quickens all my drowsy powers.

mand perpetual songs of praise, Demand perpetual songs of praise.

187. THE CIRCLING YEAR. L. M.

1. GREAT God, we sing thy mighty hand,
By which supported still we stand :
The opening year thy mercy shows ;
Let mercy crown it till it close.
2. By day, by night, at home, abroad,
Still we are guarded by our God ;
By his incessant bounty fed,
By his unerring counsel led.
3. With grateful hearts the past we own :
The future, all to us unknown,
We to thy guardian care commit,
And peaceful leave before thy feet.
4. In scenes exalted or depressed,
Be thou our joy and thou our rest ;
Thy goodness all our hopes shall raise,
Adored through all our changing days.
5. When death shall interrupt these songs,
And seal in silence mortal tongues,
Our helper, God, in whom we trust,
In better worlds our souls shall boast.

Doddridge

188. THE LORD'S DAY. L. M.

1. LORD of the Sabbath and its light,
I hail thy hallowed day of rest ;
It is my weary soul's delight,
The solace of my care-worn breast.
2. Oh, Jesus, let me ever hail
Thy presence with the day of rest ;
Then shall thy servant never fail
To prove thy Sabbaths doubly blest.

LANESBORO. C. P. M.

1. There is an hour of peaceful rest, To

2. There is a home for wea-ry souls, By

3. There, faith lifts up her cheerful eye To

mourning wand'ers giv'n; There is a joy for

sin and sor-row driv'n; When tossed on life's tem-

brighter pros-pects giv'n, And views the tem-pest

souls dis-tressed A balm for ev-ery

pes-tu-ous shoals, Where storms a-rise and

pass-ing by, The eve-ning shad-ows



189. THE HEAVENLY REST. C. P. M.

4. There, fragrant flowers immortal bloom,
 And joys supreme are given :
 There, rays divine disperse the gloom ;
 Beyond the confines of the tomb
 Appears the dawn of heaven. W. B. Tappan.

190. LORD'S DAY MORNING. C. M.

1. EARLY, my God, without delay,
 I haste to seek thy face ;
 My thirsty spirit faints away,
 Without thy cheering grace.
2. So pilgrims on the scorching sand,
 Beneath a burning sky,
 Long for a cooling stream at hand,
 And they must drink or die.
3. I've seen thy glory and thy power
 Through all thy temple shine ;
 My God, repeat that heavenly hour,
 That vision so divine !

Watts.

HAMBURG. L. M. Arr'd by L. MASON.

1. Thine earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love, But there's a

2. No more fatigue, no more distress, Nor sin nor

The musical score is written for three parts: Treble, Bass, and Piano. The key signature is one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is 3/2. The first system contains the first two lines of the song.

no - bler rest a - bove: To that our long - ing

death shall reach the place; No groans shall min - gle

The second system continues the musical score with the same three parts and lyrics.

souls aspire, With ardent love and strong de - sire.

with the songs Which warble from im - mor - tal tongues.

The third system concludes the musical score with the same three parts and lyrics, ending with double bar lines.

191. THE ETERNAL SABBATH. L. M.

3. No rude alarms of raging foes ;
 No cares to break the long repose ;
No midnight shade, no clouded sun,
 But sacred, high, eternal noon.
4. O long-expected day, begin !
 Dawn on this world of woe and sin :
Fain would we leave this weary road,
 To sleep in death, and rest in God.

Doddridge.

192. THE RIGHTEOUS BLEST IN DEATH. L. M

1. HOW blest the righteous when he dies !
 When sinks a weary soul to rest,
How mildly beam the closing eyes,
 How gently heaves th' expiring breast !
2. So fades a summer cloud away ;
 So sinks the gale when storms are o'er :
So gently shuts the eye of day ;
 So dies the wave along the shore.
3. A holy quiet reigns around,
 A calm which life nor death destroys ;
Nothing disturbs that peace profound
 Which his unfettered soul enjoys.
4. Farewell, conflicting hopes and fears,
 Where lights and shades alternate dwell :
How bright th' unchanging morn appears !
 Farewell, inconstant world, farewell.
- 5, Life's duty done, as sinks the clay,
 Light from its load the spirit flies,
While heaven and earth combine to say,
 " How blest the righteous when he dies ! "

Barbault.

CHINA. C. M.

1. Why do we mourn de - part - ing friends, Or

2. Are we not tend - ing upward too, As

3. Why should we trem - ble to con - vey Their

shake at death's alarms? 'Tis but the voice that

fast as time can move? Nor would we wish the

bod - - ies to the tomb? There the dear flesh of

Je - - - sus sends To call them to his arms.

hours more slow, To keep us from our love.

Je - - - sus lay, And left a long per - fume.

193. BURIAL OF FRIENDS. C. M.

4. The graves of all the saints he blest,
And softened every bed :
Where should the dying members rest,
But with their dying Head ? Watts.
-

194. DEATH IN PROSPECT OF HEAVEN. C. M.

1. THERE is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign ;
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.
2. There everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers :
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.
3. Sweet fields, beyond the swelling flood,
Stand dressed in living green ;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.
4. But timorous mortals start and shrink
To cross this narrow sea,
And linger shivering on the brink,
And fear to launch away.
5. Oh, could we make our doubts remove
Those gloomy doubts that rise,
And view the Canaan that we love
With unbeclouded eyes ;
6. Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream nor death's cold flood
Should fright us from the shore. Watts.

REST. L. M. W. B. BRADBURY.

1. A - - sleep in Je - - sus! bless - - ed

2. A - - sleep in Je - - sus! Oh, how

3. A - - sleep in Je - - sus! peace - ful

sleep! From which none ev - er wake to weep; A calm and

sweet To be for such a slumber meet; With ho - ly

rest! Whose waking is su - preme ly blest; No fear, no

un - disturbed repose, Un - broken by the last of foes.

con - - fidence to sing That death has lost its venomed sting.

woe shall dim that hour, That manifests the Saviour's power.

195. SLEEPING IN JESUS. L. M.

4. Asleep in Jesus! Oh, for me
 May such a blissful refuge be:
 Securely shall my ashes lie,
 And wait the summons from on high. Mackay

196. HAPPINESS IN HEAVEN. L. M.

1. O HAPPY saints that dwell in light,
 And walk with Jesus clothed in white,
 Safe landed on that peaceful shore
 Where pilgrims meet to part no more!
2. They gaze upon his beauteous face,
 And tell the wonders of his grace;
 Or overwhelmed with rapture sweet,
 Sink down adoring at his feet. Berridge.

197. FALLING ASLEEP IN JESUS. L. M.

1. WHY should we start, and fear to die?
 What timorous worms we mortals are!
 Death is the gate of endless joy,
 And yet we dread to enter there.
2. The pains, the groans, and dying strife,
 Fright our approaching souls away;
 Still we shrink back again to life,
 Fond of our prison and our clay.
3. Oh, if my Lord would come and meet,
 My soul should stretch her wings in haste,
 Fly fearless through death's iron gate,
 Nor feel the terrors as she passed.
4. Jesus can make a dying bed
 Feel soft as downy pillows are,
 While on his breast I lean my head,
 And breathe my life out sweetly there.

Watts.

BEULAH. 7s.

E. IVES.

1. Who are these in bright array—This in - numerable throng,

2. These thro' fiery trials trod, These from great affliction came;

End.

Round the altar night and day, Hymning one triumphant song;
 { Wisdom, riches to obtain, New domin - ion every hour." }
 { D. C., 1. } End.

Now before the throne of God, Seal'd with his al - mighty name,
 { Thro' their dear Redeemer's might, More than conquerors they stand. }
 { D. C., 2. } End.

"Worthy is the Lamb once slain, Blessing, honor, glory, pow'r, { D. C., 1. }
 { 2d Brace. }

Clad in raiment pure and white, Victor palms in every hand, {
 { D. C., 2. }

198. THE NEW SONG. 7s.

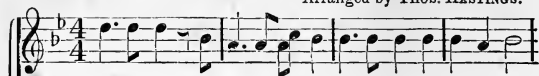
3. Hunger, thirst, disease unknown,
 On immortal fruits they feed;
 Them the Lamb amidst the throne
 Shall to living fountains lead:
 Joy and gladness banish sighs,
 Perfect love dispels all fears,
 And for ever from their eyes
 God shall wipe away the tears. Montgomery

199. HEAVEN UNVEILED. 7s.

1. HIGH in yonder realms of light
 Dwell the raptured saints above,
 Far beyond our feeble sight,
 Happy in Immanuel's love.
 Pilgrims in this vale of tears,
 Once they knew, like us below,
 Gloomy doubts, distressing fears,
 Torturing pain, and heavy woe.
2. But these days of weeping o'er,
 Past this scene of toil and pain,
 They shall feel distress no more,
 Never, never weep again.
 'Mid the chorus of the skies,
 'Mid th' angelic lyres above,
 Hark! their songs melodious rise,
 Songs of praise to Jesus' love.
3. All is tranquil and serene,
 Calm and undisturbed repose—
 There no cloud can intervene,
 There no angry tempest blows!
 Every tear is wiped away,
 Sighs no more shall heave the breast,
 Night is lost in endless day,
 Sorrow in eternal rest. Raffles.

"FAR AT SEA."

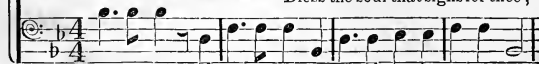
Arranged by THOS. HASTINGS.



1. STAR OF PEACE to wand'ers weary,
Bright the beams that smile on me ;



2. STAR OF HOPE, gleamo'er the billow ;
Bless the soul that sighs for thee ;



3. STAR OF FAITH, when winds are mocking
All his toil, he flies to thee ;

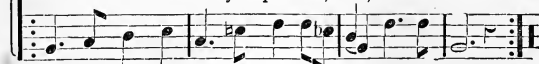
4. STAR DIVINE, O safely guide him,
Bring the wanderer home to thee :



Cheer the pilot's vision dreary, Far, far at sea.
Cheer, etc.



Bless the sailor's lonely pil-low, Far, far at sea.



Save him, on the billows rocking, Far, far at sea.
Sore temptations long have tried him, Far, far at sea.

From the Psalmist.

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